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THE MIRROR

VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1900.

NO. 44

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

WILLIAM MARION REEDY

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

VOL. 10—No. 44.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1900.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror.

Published every Thursday at

208-209 OZARK BUILDING.

Telephones: MAIN 2147. Kinloch. A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by The American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Orders, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed to J. J. SULLIVAN, Business Manager.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE: { A. LEWALIE, 939 Eighth Avenue, Van Dyck Building, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

AN unforeseen and unavoidable delay has occurred in the preparation for publication of THE MIRROR PAMPHLET devoted to a consideration of that famous satire "Ginx's Baby." The PAMPHLET will appear shortly after the issue of the MIRROR next week and will be found not out of harmony with the spirit of the holiday season.

After "Ginx's Baby" will appear issues of the PAMPHLET containing a sketch of Machiavelli the great Italian opportunist, the impression being largely drawn from John Morley's study in his famous Romanes Lecture, and, following 'Machiavelli, a presentation of an appreciation of the greatest study of the actor-man ever made, a review of the novel, by Jules Claretie, Brichanteau Actor.

During the year 1901, the issues of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS will be of more than ordinary interest. They will be devoted to a variety of subjects appealing to cultured tastes. The bound volumes of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS for 1900, are rare. Many of the issues were exhausted and the numbers cannot be purchased. Goodly prices have been offered for copies of the first and second and third numbers, but those who have them are not disposed to sell. An offer of ten dollars for a complete set, was made only last week.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS sell for 5 cents a copy. By subscription, the cost of the series of twelve issues, one for each month, is 50 cents, payable in advance. Back numbers, when they can be supplied at all, will hereafter be supplied at twice the regular price.

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THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

ON December 20th will be issued the CHRISTMAS MIRROR. The number will contain eighty pages and the cover design by JOHN WILTON CUNNINGHAM, will be a gem of color. Some of the contributors to the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, with their subjects, are as follows:

MR. JAMES HUNEKER, the distinguished musical critic, writes a story, entitled HUNDING'S WIFE, in which the musical flavor is pleasantly pronounced.

MR. WILLIAM SCHUYLER writes of THE REAL ARABIAN NIGHTS in a way to interest all persons who have read and wondered at those tales.

MR. WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS reviews, in a searching philosophical essay, the movements of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, of the *Philistine* and the Roycroft Shop, discourses in his best "Little Journey" style upon a great artist in an article titled, AS TO FRANZ LISZT.

MR. PERCIVAL POLLARD contributes a slashing article upon "THE ACTOR AND THE AUTHOR," and proves himself as keen an observer as he is a profound critic.

MR. HOMER BASSFORD has written a pleasant and realistic little story, entitled A CONGRESSIONAL CONSCIENCE, of social and political flavor.

MR. JOHN H. RAFFERTY disports his dainty diction in a colorful, sultry Cordovan tale with the title, A VALENCIAN VENGEANCE.

MISS A. LEWALIE has translated from the French a morceau wrought out in exquisite imitation of the Japanese idyl.

MRS. FRANCES PORCHER treats of WALT WHITMAN. Few women have understood, or even read, "the good gray poet," so an article upon him by a woman writer is somewhat of a novelty.

MR. OPIE READ, the widely-read and distinctively Western novelist, is represented by a pleasant story called MISS RATCLIFFE, illustrating him at his whimsical best.

MR. MICHAEL MONAHAN treats THE LITERARY DUELLO, with particular reference to the meeting between Moore and Jeffrey, in his characteristically graceful fashion.

MR. H. S. CANFIELD appears as the teller of one of those little romances of the Southwest in which he is delightfully at home. It is entitled "A BLOOM OF THE HUISACHE."

MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE'S delightful fantasy, "WHEN I WAS ENDYMION" is a thing filled with the glamour of Endymion's own moonlight.

MR. ERNEST MCGAFFEY has written a Chant Royal entitled, THE MESSAGE OF THE DAWN, a bit of nature-study molded wonderfully into the old Provencal form.

MR. JOHN JEROME ROONEY is represented by a fine piece of work in the sonnet line, called LOVE'S CUP.

MR. BLISS CARMAN'S contribution is a little song entitled "PIERROT'S FAREWELL TO THE HILLS," in his own uniquely simple lyric vein.

MR. CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS writes a delicious and delicate bit of verse in THE QUEST.

MR. JOHN J. A'BECKETT, in a sketch, "HOW WE MET FERGUSON," gives a vivid impression of an incident in Bohemian circles in gay New York.

MR. WHIDDEN GRAHAM, under the title, "THE RIGHT TO PROPERTY," succinctly states the true nature of the problem presented in the movement "to reorganize the Democratic party."

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS' brilliantly critical and sympathetic study of an unfortunate, late, minor poet, ERNEST DOWSON, is reproduced in its poignant entirety.

MR. RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS is the author of a fine poem entitled, "THE MIRACULOUS CENTURY."

There will be other contributors, to be announced later.

In addition to the features enumerated, there will be the usual departments of criticism and comment, financial articles, carefully selected miscellany, and an installment of the MIRROR'S widely discussed anonymous sonnet-sequence, "SONNETS TO A WIFE." No such holiday issue has ever been produced in St. Louis or in the West. Price, 10c.

"WID OR AGIN DE GANG?"

A STATEMENT OF ISSUES OF LOCAL REFORM.

REFORM is in the air in all the big cities of the country. There is an anti-vice crusade in New York City. There are municipal reform associations of various sorts in Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Kansas City. In this city there is a loud demand for reform. The Anti-Wine-Room movement supplemented by the work of the West End Protective Association is stirring up a strong sentiment in favor of municipal morality. The Newspaper Publishers Association has taken the initiative in a movement designed to secure the widest and strongest co-operation of the general and special interests of the city in the work of devising remedies for the city's financial plight. This plight is something that has come about through no exclusively partisan causes, but because of the fact that the City Charter is about thirty years behind the times.

The city has got to get money to improve itself, and it can't get it until the Charter is amended and the people have voted to pay the increased taxes, extended so as not to bear too heavily now, over a term of years. The co-operation of the different public organizations with the press should result in the generation of a sentiment favorable to the changes in the Charter. And it is only common sense and justice that, while we bear our share of the cost of progress, the people who come after us of to-day, and are to enjoy the great city we are now trying to build up, should pay their proportion for the blessings they are to inherit.

The World's Fair organization is the center of the movement for a better city. It has forced upon citizens the realization that the city is behind the times, out at elbow and down at heel. This fact is attested in the interview with Mr. Adolphus Busch, the millionaire brewer, and the city's most progressive citizen, in last Sunday's *Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Busch reiterates what the MIRROR has said about the poor reputation of St. Louis, abroad. He asserts that what the city needs is an administration that will conduct the city's affairs on business principles, and for the city's, not for a party's, good. But Mr. Busch strikes the keynote of the situation, when he asserts that the citizens must be prepared to make some sacrifices, maybe great sacrifices, for the city's advancement. They must bear the expense of putting the city in good shape. They must cease protesting against every improvement, a part of the cost of which they will have to share. They must abandon their attitude of protest against every new piece of street-paving or sewer-making or alley paving. And Mr. Busch says that he, personally, and as the head of the great Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, is prepared to make any sacrifice that may be demanded in the way of extra taxation or otherwise. The Busch spirit is the spirit that will give us a new St. Louis. Nothing good can be obtained without sacrifice, and the men who talk of a new St. Louis should begin, like Mr. Busch, by declaring their willingness to let go of some of their own money in order to help the city along.

But the men who make sacrifices are greeted with abuse. Men like Mr. James L. Blair, Mr. Frederick N. Judson, Mr. Thomas S. McPheeters, who endeavor to induce partisanship to aid in a reform movement are ridiculed and reviled. They accept the ridicule. It is their sacrifice. Even Mr. James Campbell is assailed for that he has endeavored to use his influence with one of the great parties to make sure the nomination of one good ticket for the municipal election next spring. Mr. Campbell is denied the right to have an aspiration for good government, simply because he is a business associate of a political boss, and because he is interested in one or two public franchises. Mr. Campbell's interests in the city are so great that his attitude towards reform should be regarded as an example to be commended rather than one to be attacked and discredited. If men like Adolphus Busch and James Campbell, men with a high capacity for realizing their own interest, are agreed that their best interest lies in a better city and a better governed city, surely other people should realize that a better St. Louis means better opportunities for them. The support of men like Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Busch for the reform movement should convince the general public that a better city would be a better thing for everybody in the city. Public interest can best be forwarded when it is coincident with private interest. A better St. Louis will mean more money in everybody's pocket. And when men like Messrs. Campbell and Busch agree upon the necessity for reform and progress in St. Louis, the incident should be accepted as *prima facie* evidence that reform and progress constitute "a good business proposition." When they are willing to make sacrifices of time and money and ease, as men like D. R. Francis, W. H. Thompson and others, at the head of the World's Fair movement, are doing, there should be needed no stronger argument to convince the masses of the people that whatever sacrifice they may be compelled to make for a better city and a better city government would be repaid them many fold in all the benefits which civic progress and civic betterment are sure to bring.

The MIRROR has been urging the need of all sorts of civic betterment for more than a year. Its still small voice has started a great chorus demanding betterment and reform. The MIRROR has insisted that a World's Fair must mean a new and better St. Louis. The best men in the city have taken up this paper's arguments and the great daily papers have been forced by the popular opinion, created by the MIRROR, to fall into line for a greater and better city and a stronger sentiment of civic pride. The World's Fair is assured, but the project never would have been assured but for the MIRROR'S blunt truth-telling about the condition of public feeling, when the enterprise seemed destined to be smothered in apathy. The MIRROR has emphasized the fact that an expanded and progressive St. Louis must be the feature of the World's Fair, and this emphasis has led the citizens to see that the city cannot be put in the proper position to work out a great destiny without many changes in the city's organic law and even in the organic law of the State of Missouri. Incidental to this, the MIRROR has shown that the movement must come from the people of the city, and now that the people of all classes are moving, the MIRROR is gratified at the assurance that citizens of the best sort are willing to make sacrifices for the cause.

First, however, we must have a certainty of efficient and honest city government during the period in which the making of a new St. Louis must be inaugurated. We must start right. We must make sacrifices, but not to the god of the party machine. We must be willing to give up more money for the public good, but not to give it over to the party bosses. We must be sure that the money to be borrowed and secured by taxes or raised by taxes direct, will be well spent. To that end we must see that the expenditure will be in charge of the right sort of men. Therefore, the demand is insistent that the men nominated shall be men not tainted with the idea that fealty to party is the first duty of public officials. The demand goes up for good men, not for good party men. But if both parties

will nominate good men, and make party fealty a minor issue to public benefit the people of the city can ask for nothing better. A choice between two good tickets, would be an ideal condition in the forthcoming municipal election.

The leaders in one party have practically agreed to nominate a ticket that shall not be a partisan ticket. They have agreed to nominate the ticket early enough to permit of an independent nomination of candidates, if the party ticket be not acceptable in its personnel. This is a fair proposition. Until the other party agrees to do likewise, to give the people a chance to judge carefully and calmly the character of its nominees, the party that frankly accepts the proposition to give the people at large a chance to judge its candidates, and if necessary to repudiate and oppose them, must be approved.

The Democrats are willing to listen to the people. The Republican machine will not take the people into its confidence. The Democrats are willing to listen to the demands of the business element, to the representations of the advocates of municipal reform, to the friends of economy in public administration, to the insistence of those who cry for a recognition of character and competence in the selection of public servants. The Republicans, through their organs, laugh at all these things, and the people who stand for them. The Republicans, through their organs, scorn reform. They say, in effect, that the Democrats are foolish to nominate good men, or to recognize good principles. They say that good government can only come through party, yet they oppose the idea that the opposition party should try to name good men and declare high principle. The logic of this position is, that the Republican organs favor bad men and bad principles; for if bad men be nominated by Democrats there will be no inducement to Republicans to try to win by nominating the best men. By favoring a low-standard Democracy the Republican organs favor a low-standard Republicanism, and the placing of all citizens between the devil of bad nominations by Democrats and the deep sea of bad nominations by Republicans. The *Globe-Democrat* especially believes that the parties should pay no attention to the demands of the business-reform element. It favors gang rule in both parties, and the inevitable consequence, gang rule over the whole city, the imperiling of the city's progress, the prostitution of the World's Fair to political spoilsism, the deliberate throttling and squelching of the spirit of the men who are willing to make sacrifices for the benefit of the community at large. This attitude is simply a "burking" of the movement for a new and greater and better St. Louis. It is an attitude that will be approved in the slums and wine-rooms and crap-joints and brothels, but nowhere else.

This city demands a government that will represent its best and highest interests, and not the interests of the fellows who pack primaries, fix juries, sell remits and pardons and appointments, take rake-offs from gambling dens, stuff the pay-rolls, shake-down and hold up corporations—all the forces of evil in a great municipality.

This city will have good government, in spite of the scorn and ridicule heaped by the *Globe-Democrat* upon the efforts of the men who are making sacrifices for good government. This city will have for Mayor a man like Isaac W. Morton, an independent nominated by Democrats recognizing the needs of the city at this time, and a set of minor city officials of a character and purpose calculated to assure an efficient, honest administration, the whole ticket pledged to economy and progress. There is only one way to prevent this. That is, for the Republicans to nominate as early as the Democrats a better ticket, one that will command more of the business, reform, independent vote. Up to date, the organ of the Republicans, the *Globe-Democrat*, is on record as opposed, absolutely and unalterably, to any recognition by either party of the aforesaid business, reform, independent sentiment.

The issue, then, appears to be good government, progress, efficiency, economy, reform, and decency against gang government and the *Globe-Democrat*. Who can doubt on which side of the issue thus stated the citizens who wish for

a new, greater, and better St. Louis, who are willing to make sacrifices therefor, will range themselves? Are you "wid or agin de gang???" W. M. R.

REFLECTIONS.

Inviting the Deluge

CONGRESS is once more discussing the ship-subsidy bill. The Republican leaders are, it seems, determined to pass this grab-measure during the present session, in spite of violent opposition even in their own ranks. This raid upon the treasury will hurt the Republican party, and disgust all right-thinking, honest citizens. But the grasping, selfish cliques that are behind it do not care a continental for public opinion. Like Madame de Pompadour, they say: "*Après nous le deluge.*" The subsidy bill represents capitalistic arrogance, which is steadily growing more powerful in the policy of the Government. So far as the administration is concerned, everything is smooth sailing. The payment of subsidies to private steamship companies perfectly harmonizes with an unjust and antiquated tariff system. Besides this, the passage of the bill will discharge a debt of gratitude which the Republican party owes to the corporations that furnished the sinews for the recent and previous campaigns. The influence of the organized money-power dominates the managers in Congress. Its strength is manifest in the support it can rally in every avenue of finance and commerce to the furtherance of this crowning achievement of infamy and never-to-be-satiated greed. In principle, it amounts to handing over the public revenues to private corporations, to robbing Peter to pay Paul. Hanna, Elkins, Frye, Grosvenor, *et al.*, know their business. They are in politics for the stuff; they represent what President Cleveland calls the "communism of pelf." One of the astonishing features of the bill is the provision which admits foreign-built ships to a share of the spoils, in direct violation of the time-honored policy of our government to refuse registry to foreign-built ships. The insertion of this provision can only be explained upon the theory that American owners of foreign-built and partly foreign-owned ships were powerful enough to defeat the passage of the measure, in case of an effort being made to draw the line at them. Now, why, in the name of common justice, should the American tax-payer be compelled to pay tribute to foreign owners of foreign-built ships? This is paternalism run mad, paternalism with a vengeance. Is it not humiliating to think that Americans cannot have a large merchant-marine without paying bounties to ship-owners? Are we not able to build ships at a less cost than foreigners, when we are exporting steel-plates to Europe for ship-building purposes? Our manufacturers are selling at lower prices abroad than at home, and underbidding Europeans in their own home markets. American products are being sold in every part of the world. Our foreign trade has been growing from year to year, protection or no protection, and the American ship-builder and ship-owner should be able to be as successful as the manufacturer and merchant. The subsidy bill promises to become as much of a scandal as the Credit Mobilier affair.

The Etiquette of Divorce

A SOCIETY divorce in which the husband accuses the wife, as in a case now interesting St. Louisans, suggests that this course in severing unpleasant ties does not accord with chivalrous ideals. There is, or should be, an etiquette of divorce. The man should never bring the suit. It involves an attack upon the woman's character. It reflects upon her children, if she has any, and upon any she may possibly have later in life. The woman may be grossly at fault; nevertheless, she should be permitted to bring the suit. When a divorce is necessary, the lawyers can arrange the matter so as to avoid the imputation of collusion. The man who accuses a woman humiliates her and brings himself into contempt. The public does not like to see a woman pilloried. The man should take his medicine,

The marriage that fails is his mistake, more than the woman's, even if she be in the wrong, and if he be at fault, he deserves whatever the petition may allege, though most women instinctively shrink from alleging things that are heinously offensive, even against brutal husbands. The man who publicly brands the woman who has been his wife makes a mistake that is almost a crime. She may possibly be a better wife to another man than to him; therefore, why destroy her chances. If we must have divorce let us have it with as little public unpleasantness as possible. It is tragically terrible enough even when most delicately arranged.

Most Absurd Man in the World

BEYOND all doubt the most absurd and ridiculous man in the world is General Mercier of the French army, with his elaborate notification to England of his plans for the invasion of the tight little island. He is even more absurd than he was infamous in the Dreyfus matter. He is the braggart-politron of the ages, above and beyond all the imaginings of poets, novelists and dramatists in the conception of personified bombast and silliness.

Too Pitiable For Sneers

THERE isn't even life enough in the Democratic party to hold a caucus at Washington and determine upon a course of opposition to the Administration. The party has no leader. The late leader would appear to have no party. The Democracy has disappeared in Populism, and Populism has been swallowed up in Prosperity. There is only left the Voice in the Western wild, and that Voice is jabbering only critical futilities. National Democracy is in a plight almost too pitiable to be sneered at.

South Africa

HOLLAND and Portugal are at outs over the Portuguese attitude during the Transvaal war. The Portuguese are accused of helping the English, by letting them into the Boer country through Portuguese territory. Thus the little peoples are divided through the scheming of the greater nations. Portugal is probably helpless. There is a suspicion that the country was long ago coerced into a secret treaty with Great Britain, and was forced to aid surreptitiously in facilitating the attack upon the Boers. It is only a question of time until the Portuguese possessions in South Africa will be wiped out. Great Britain will have the port of Lorenzo Marquez if, indeed, it be not hers already. Holland, on the other hand, is coerced into ignoring Kruger by Germany. Belgium, too, it will be remembered, was called down when its ruler proposed to take a hand in China, and it kept very quiet as to Africa, in spite of the fact that the Belgian possessions in Africa made the South African war issue a matter of great importance to the Catholic branch of the Netherlands. The little nations will be shut out of Africa. Fashoda was a warning to France. Russia is accused of having helped Menelik defeat Italy's designs in Abyssinia. Africa will be divided between England and Germany and Russia, provided England and Germany do not first unite to destroy Russia—as they seem to have done in China.

The Deadly Chafing Dish

SOME evenings ago, in a St. Louis club, a lady was presiding over the concoction of a delicacy in a chafing dish when the lamp thereunder flared up and the flames burned the fair operator's veil off her hat, the lashes off her eyes and severely scorched her hands. It was the fourth or fifth accident of the sort at the club within a few weeks. Several such accidents have occurred in clubs and cafes in different cities, some of them very serious. Club managers and caterers cannot be too careful about the lamps to chafing dishes. They can be and too often are too careless. They should examine the lamps every day for leaks. They should make sure that explosions cannot occur. Each lamp should be examined before being sent to the table. And, of course, equal care should be taken with such alcohol lamps at home. The chafing dish, with its attachments,

should not become a lethal instrument. It is dangerous enough in its alleged edible output without being left liable to explosion that may blind and maim those who gather about it.

An Atrocious Author

ONE George Peck, author of an atrocious screed called "Peck's Bad Boy" has returned to his nefarious literary activities in the matter of debauching the mind of youth. The smartness George Peck celebrates is the smartness of ineffable and colossal vulgarity. The wit he represents is the wit of the gutter snipe. The boy modeled along the Peck lines can never be anything worth decent consideration. Peck's Bad Boy was a nasty, cruel little ruffian, without respect for anything and the boy become a man bids fair to develop into an ideal of the cheap skate variety actor, the fresh masher, the flash circus fakir and the shifty confidence man. Peck's humor is of the lowest type short of actual filth and obscenity, and the whole trend of of his work has been to exalt the youth who has not respect for years or weakness or misfortune or innocence.

Uncle Fuller.

WOMAN'S INFERNO.

A HIDEOUS PICTURE OF THE SEX IN INDIA.

WOMEN of the Christian Caucasian world have, undoubtedly, many wrongs of which to complain, but they probably have little idea of all they have to be thankful for, until they are led by some one to look at woman's condition in earlier time and thus appreciate the long way they have traveled upward into light and freedom. The discontented woman of to-day may be made less raucously strenuous by taking a glance at her condition of old time in a presentation of that condition as existing, as in a contemporaneous antiquity, in India. Many women, under the spell of the Blavatsky-Olcott-Sinnett-Besant-Tingley fake, are disposed to think all good things come out of India and that a reversion to Hindu ideals would be the salvation of the world, but they forget that there is no stronger evidence of the debasing influence of Hinduism than that afforded by its barbarous treatment of woman. This alone is sufficient justification for the most earnest support of Christian missions, for that appears to be the only reliable means by which the millions of women in India may be enfranchised from a condition far worse than slavery and treated as human beings.

A full and interesting dissertation on this theme is presented in "The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood," by Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, of Bombay, India. (New York F. H. Revell & Co.) In the foreword, a Christian Hindu lady, Pandita Ramabai, asserts that Mrs. Fuller "has taken the greatest pains to find out the truth on every point. She has neither exaggerated nor kept back what can be said on the most important things connected with Indian women's conditions." After reading the book no humane person can fail to agree with the Pandita's opinion or to feel a desire "to do something for the salvation of women in India."

Child-marriage is one of the great wrongs. Mrs. Fuller speaks of the marriage of a girl of eight years to a grey-headed man of sixty; of a baby girl of nine months to a boy of six. What idea of maternal love can that be which prompts the mother to tear from her home the little girl of eight and to warn her "never to return from the home of her husband, save as a dead body!" One of the results of this vile custom is, of course, much physical suffering. "We have been told of a tribe," says the author, "whose wives are never able to walk upright." It is true that British law has fixed an "age of consent," but this applies only to unmarried females; the child-wife is unprotected because, forsooth, she is the victim of a dogma of religion which antedates the Christian era 500 years. Of the wretched lives led by these poor little children, Mrs. Fuller gives several harrowing instances, and while one may hope that the cases she cites are among the worst, the book suggests that the half has not been told of the hideous facts. Family, religion and national honor forbid Hindu women to divulge the secrets of her prison-house. "Twelve years is the maximum age for marriage.

If the girl is not married then, her friends are disgraced as well as herself." But a boy can marry "at any age, or not at all, if that pleases him better."

In the chapter devoted to "Enforced Widowhood" the wrongs of the women are further dwelt upon. In 1829, Lord William Bentinck, then Viceroy of India, enacted the law prohibiting the rite of *Sutte* or *Sati*, (as it is lately spelled) by which the widow was cremated alive on her dead husband's funeral pyre. By so doing she gained the precious boon of an existence of 350,000,000 years in Paradise with her husband and also secured the salvation of herself, her husband and their families to the seventh generation. But the present status of the widow is nearly as bad; so bad, indeed, as to be referred to by one reformer as "cold *suttee*." One writer, quoted by Mrs. Fuller, says, "The momentary agony of suffocation in the flames was nothing compared to her lot as a widow." Other writers believe that Hindu widows would prefer *suttee* to the conditions that now prevail. The account of the indignities heaped on a child who is widowed by the death of a boy husband whom she has never even seen are almost incredible. As a mere child the cloud passes over her head. She romps and plays, and nestles by her mother's side, but "she may live to know the bitter truth that some day, custom and religious faith will have a stronger hold on her than parental love." Later on she learns that she is a despised outcast, whose lot is to be the object of curses, blows and even worse treatment. She learns that she is a widow, because in a previous birth she had been a sinful being! This is surely carrying the re-incarnation theory to its bitter ultimate. "When she is fifteen," says Mrs. Fuller, "her beautiful, glossy wealth of hair must be shorn; her bright clothes removed; no ornaments allowed her; she must eat but one meal a day; must fast twice a month; and must never join in the family feasts. She is frequently the family drudge; must never think of re-marriage; must bear the taunts and suspicions of others, and be guarded lest she bring upon the family disgrace by some improper step; she is never to wear the bright red paint on her forehead that other women wear; she has no right to be bright and happy; and if she weeps much she may be taunted that she is crying for another husband! Her life becomes hopeless and intolerable. It sometimes ends in a neighboring tank or well, or launches out desperately and defiantly into a life of shame * * * * but at any rate the family must be shielded from disgrace, even if crime be resorted to." Among the legal remedies for this sad condition the author suggests: (1) that widows be protected when they re-marry; (2) that the shaving of the head be made optional—it is now obligatory; (3) that the restoration of her social rights and costume be insisted upon.

The chapter devoted to "The Zenana," which is the Hindu, or Persian, equivalent for the Harem, is an interesting one. It, of course, concerns the Mohammedans only, and is of the same character as the similar institution in Persia, Turkey and other Moslem lands. The author acknowledges that there is less hardship in this than in the Hindu customs of child-marriage and enforced widowhood. Then, the Zenana can be only for the wealthy, numerically few, while the greater wrongs suffered by the woman of India affect the masses. "The number of widows is 23,000,000—many are mere children and girls, and many of them never knew what it meant to be a wife!"

Mrs. Fuller has a chapter on the *Muralis*, the women who are devoted in infancy to the Hindu deity, Khandoba, popularly believed to be an avatar of Shiva. These women are forbidden to wed, being "Khandoba's Brides," and lead lives of shame, their earnings going to their parents. There are thousands of these *Muralis* in Central and Southern India. The *Devadasis* are a semi-religious order of women who are employed in temple service. "They are invariably courtesans," we are told, "sanctioned by religion and society." "These girls called *Devadasis* are the common property of the priests. Men visit the temple, ostensibly to worship, but in reality to see these women." In the presidency of Madras alone there are nearly 12,000 of them.

In South India there is another shocking form of religious prostitution, the *Vaishnavis*, a sect of *sudhus* (saints!) who live in concubinage with the female devotees of the god Krishna.

Of the Nautch girls, the Hindu dancers, we are told, "they are invariably courtesans and differ from the common public women, and even from *Muralis*, who are also devoted to the gods, in that, from time immemorial, they

have had a religious and social status given them and are considered a necessity in the temple and in the home on marriage and other festive occasions."

No one can read this book without feeling convinced that the wrongs of Indian womanhood are such as cannot be overestimated or exaggerated. The chapters on "An Anti-Nauch Movement," "Infanticide" and those referring to the various reforms attempted by the British government, reformers and missionaries deserve attention and also that on "The Real Difficulty," which is, of course, the overwhelming conservatism of native religious law and custom. "The Real Remedy," the last chapter deals with, is to be found "in the emancipation of Indian women through the gospel of Jesus Christ"—a conclusion which, from the premises of Mrs. Fuller's argument, appears perfectly logical.

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

[For the MIRROR.]

XLIV.—TAPESTRY.

IN the deep twilight when my random thought
Weaves in the silence and surrounding shade,
Webs of odd fancies, glittering like brocade,
Or sombre woof of darker musings brought,
Then have the hours, with mystery still fraught,
Full on the wall a moteley texture laid
Within the loom of darkness spun and made
In diverse hues together firmly wrought.
And all the warp of this weird spinning seems
Forever old and yet forever new;
With rusted spots, and sudden golden gleams,
A subtle blending of the false and true;
The dull threads hinting of my wasted dreams,
The bright ones telling of my love for you.

XLV.—SUMACH.

We climbed the slope above the valley's edge
Behind, the country road, a ribbon lay
Of powdery dust, down-winding dim and gray;
A bird sang sweetly from a thorny hedge
And ripples circled in the river sedge,
While brown October dozed the hours away;
And northward, and beyond the hillside clay
The clustering sumach flamed along a ledge.
The life of ruddy Autumn filled its veins
Deep-glowing masses glinting in the sun,
Redder than the wild strawberry, where it stains
The woodland ways, mid light and shadow spun;
A gorgeous dream, a color-draught divine,
Spilled on the golden afternoon like wine.

XLVI.—LOVE-LETTERS.

Let the light flame consume them and be done
While their charred fragments in the embers lie,
The old, sweet records of the days gone by.
Read them, and burn them, lingering, one by one;
The swift months gather and the seasons run
With none to tell us of the when or why.
Let them, as ashes, vanish in the sky,
Since this our courtship has but just begun.
Better to miss them when we parted be
Than through some fault or lapsing of the years
To have them made a target for the sneers,
Or jest, or scorn, of Curiosity;
For there are those who tear such things apart
To feast and mumble on a human heart.

XLVII.—SPRING.

The sleet drives sharply on the window panes
And naked trees like scaffolds darkly stand;
The iron grasp of winter on the land
Locks fields and streams in glittering, icy chains;

The north-wind wails in keen, Polaric strains,
And dead leaves dance a ghostly saraband;
While cloud-fleets dim, by shapes fantastic manned
Sail westward where the sunset coldly wanes.

But by the blaze of our red-glowing grate
We see beyond the barren line of eaves.
And mark the flashing of a flicker's wing;
And violets in the blue flames seem to wait
While shining through a mist of emerald leaves
Beckons and laughs the sweet, fresh face of Spring.

THE TWO "EAGLETS."

MAUDE ADAMS AND SARA BERNHARDT.

AT the Garden Theatre, where Sara Bernhardt is impersonating the *Duc de Reichstadt*, in the most beautiful drama of the century, Maude Adams has achieved the triumph of her career. And it is a triumph that has not been surpassed in splendor and surprise by any American actress of our time, (according to the dramatic critic,—probably the ablest and most independent in New York—of *Town Topics*.) This authority's assertion, made at the beginning of the Bernhardt engagement, two weeks ago, that Mme Bernhardt's elaborate mechanics had wrought vastly less effect than Miss Adams's natural qualities in indicating the character and temper of Rostand's lovely hero, has started general realization of the truth of the case. There are abundant tokens, not only in private speech but in the printed word, that the still, small voice that somehow contrives to make itself heard, even above the uproar of falling heavens, has prevailed over the boom and blare of the imported enterprise.

Neither jingoism nor chauvinism prompts this critic's recurrence to the subject; they have no part, fairly, in discussion of an institution so cosmopolitan and eclectic as the American theatre in this day. He is not of those who believe that great gifts need encouragement; for they are their own encouragement, and carry within themselves all needed impulse and direction. So it is no concern for the development of Miss Adams in fame or profession that impels his insistence on the unexpected superiority of her impersonation of *L'Aiglon* as compared with that of her venerable rival. The critic's comparison of the Frenchwoman and the American girl then proceeds, as follows:

Bernhardt utterly fails to indicate the fatality in the character of the central figure and in the action of the drama.

That is the abysmal chasm between the two performances.

Miss Adams constantly suggests the doom of *Reichstadt*: Madame Bernhardt presents a portrait without the faintest shadow of the impending and inevitable catastrophe that is the very breath of tragedy. Therein is the chief amazement of Bernhardt's fiasco—that she should have missed the essence of the part, while Miss Adams has grasped it for inspiration of her every tone, gesture and glance. The Eaglet she fashions is a creature of exquisite pathos, holding the spectator in a thrall of sympathy. Madame Bernhardt makes him a cheery, husky person, who gives no hint, in speech, behavior or mood, that flights of angels hover near to sing him to his rest. One foresees in a myriad vague trifles in Miss Adams's incarnation that Fate ordered the manner of the drama's ending long before Rostand devised it. But, with Madame Bernhardt, the tragedy, so far from being anticipated, comes with the shock of some ignoble accident. That her laboriously jovial *Reichstadt*, with his clumsy collapses into gloom that look so much like a pose, should suddenly belie his readiness of mirth, to say nothing of breadth of beam and plump of cheek, and die of a fluxion, strikes the spectator as though it were an after-thought of the dramatist.

Of course, some part of this disastrous effect is due to certain irrepressible saliencies of face and figure. It were unreasonable to expect the frame of sixty lusty years to counterfeit the delicacy of youth, and features of assertive muliebrity are not to be erased by stays, wigs or rouge pots. Gallantry might possibly omit reference to the droll caricature of a lad of twenty that minces painfully on the stage of the Garden Theatre, but Criticism is certainly bound to record the almost pathetic physical unfitness of Madame Bernhardt for the role in reference. In the theatre, the eye has rights as indisputable as the ear, and no excellence

of elocution can counterbalance the violence to vision offered by Madame Bernhardt's *Duc de Reichstadt*. It needed the infinite vanity of femininity as well as the confidence of great professional prestige to tempt to the foolish hazard. But do not ask us to believe that Rostand, with his perfect sense of fitness of things on the scene, wrote the part of *L'Aiglon* with Bernhardt in his mind's eye.

The defect of her impersonation, however, is spiritual rather than superficial; it has to do with her conception of the character rather than its outer casing. The intent of the author eludes her. And this not only in the pervasive portent of the role, but in details of execution. An astonishing instance of this is her faulty reading of the magniloquent speech in which *Reichstadt* retorts to *Metternich*'s smug assurance that the uncrowned Emperor is no prisoner. The French actress rattles off the lines with a broad grin and in the baldest humor. From Miss Adams' lips the bitter lines start as if driven by long-pent-up wrath. Every phrase quivers with the irony of its double purpose, to disarm suspicion and yet to rebuke the impudent falsehood of the Chancellor. The whole story of the little exile's life at the Austrian Court, the merciless espionage that condemns his aspirations to fatuity, is told in that nervous outburst. As Bernhardt delivers it the audience titters; as Adams reads it, the audience thrills. How the former should have gone so far astray in the meaning of the passage is astonishing. If Miss Adams' superiority discovered itself in nothing but this episode, it should arrest attention as a token of mighty possibilities.

The reason for her greater effectiveness in such scenes as call for youthful buoyancy and childish winsomeness is, of course, plain enough. One hesitates to dwell on the contrast between the two players in the interview between *Reichstadt* and his doting old grandfather, the *Emperor of Austria*. Here Miss Adams has such obvious advantages of person, age and personality that comparison is almost cruel. The aspect of a woman of Madame Bernhardt's heft, breadth and years trying to simulate puerile friskiness, and sprawling over her grandfather's arm-chair to fondle and coddle him to her wishes, is not pleasant to contemplate. Nor is it a congenial detail for criticism; but so much gush and falsehood have been uttered about the performance at the Garden Theater, even to the eulogy of what is, in the circumstances, unavoidably ugly, that truth need not balk at bluntness.

There are many surprises in these rival performances of "*L'Aiglon*," but none surpasses in unexpectedness Bernhardt's failure to make inconsiderable Miss Adams' treatment of the so-called "mirror scene" and the "Wagram scene." Remembering the profound impression made by the latter, for all her weedy figure and weedy voice, in that strange combat with the Hapsburg spectres that *Metternich* summons to the mirror, I looked for a scenic sensation with a player of Bernhardt's expertness and force in the role of the *Duc*. But the scene, as acted by her, has nothing of the sepulchral significance and infectious affrightment imparted by Miss Adams' fainter methods. And the effect on an assemblage of spectators is perceptibly weaker. Why Miss Adams should excel in this scene, that might have been cut to the French player's order, is not clear. Perhaps it is only because of the girl's burning eyes; but, rather, I think, because of the sweet soul that shines through them. Bernhardt's eyes may be as lustrous—or the make-up box ought to make them seem so—but there is no soul behind them. She sees the superb theatricalism of the troop of kingly spectres in the mirror, but her vision stops at the glass. The other looks clear through the ghastly plate into the mists peopled by restless spirits; and the imagination of the spectator follows her in to the cloudland of *Reichstadt's* fateful ancestry.

Grievously pitiable the sodden materialism of Bernhardt's performance—that is the haunting conviction that thrusts itself upon the student at every turn—Bernhardt's pitiable impotency to glorify her perfect technique with the starry lustre of Rostand's creation.

Grievously pitiable, indeed, because there must have been a time—her fame is so very, very old—when the glow of the poet would have made her *Duc de Reichstadt* something other than a sapless marionette. Surely, in some day gone by—some time in those five fervid years before Sedan, of which her idolaters tell with bated breath—she could not have wrought so elaborate a counterfeit and yet missed sense of the very element of its inspiration.

Some who cling to the legend of Bernhardt's scenic supremacy, who cannot bring themselves to admit that a wisp of a woman, with the homely name of Maude Adams, could possibly surpass her in so great a work as "L'Aiglon," ask if the fatality wanting in Bernhardt's impersonation is actually in Rostand's conceit. Where is it, they challenge, in text or episode? The question is obviously a subterfuge, so clearly a confession of her *Reichstadt's* woodenness, that it hardly merits answer. To suppose, for an instant, that the man who, of all moderns, has the most surely seized the spirit of classic tragedy, should fail of its primal quality, is too absurd for consideration. *Reichstadt's* every step, from the rise of the curtain, leads to the death chamber. And the dreadful scene with *Metternich* before the mirror and the vision on the field of *Wagram* are as plain of portent as the witches' brew in "Macbeth." But if it be true that there is in "L'Aiglon" none of the pervasive shadow of horrid destiny, then Maude Adams has lent to Rostand's work its chiefest agency of fascination. It is easier to believe, though, that she has merely given full expression to the poet's intent, while Bernhardt has done no more than indicate the form. If, according to the prevalent blague, Rostand has been content with Bernhardt's impersonation of the *Duc de Reichstadt*, then he builded better than he knew; and how royally he builded he will never know until he sees the American weakling in the role. Well for the fame and profit of "L'Aiglon" in this barbaric land, as the author probably regards it, that it did not fall to Bernhardt alone to discover the beauties of the play. Under that condition it would almost certainly have remained a closed book to the American public.

WHAT A MAYOR CAN DO.

A LESSON FOR ST. LOUIS FROM BALTIMORE.

TWO influential local daily papers, the *Star* and the *Chronicle* are devoting much space to consideration of the personalities of the available gentlemen mentioned for the Mayoralty of St. Louis during the World's Fair term. The *Chronicle* is taking a ballot among its readers to determine in that way, if possible, which one of more than seventy-five men named is or would be most acceptable to the people. There is no fake or fixing about this contest. That is to say, the *Chronicle* is not selling batches of papers to interested persons or committees, or selling blank ballots in like fashion, to permit those persons or committees to pack the poll. The *Star* is devoting itself to publishing excellent half-tone likenesses of the men "mentioned," accompanied by neat and succinct little histories of the career, character and achievement of each person pictured, all done "without prejudice." The enterprise of both papers is commendable because valuable. It awakens public interest. It familiarizes the public with the faces, the records, the associations and environment and, therefore, the sympathies of the possibilities. And one thing above all others it makes clear, and that is that there is no lack of men whose quality is such as to recommend them to the consideration of the people. The man who will be Mayor, will undoubtedly be selected from among the men pictured and balloted for in the sprightly evening journals. There is no better way of securing a good executive than by inducing the people, in the manner described, to give careful thought to the subject. The Mayor is the most important official to be chosen next spring and the men nominated for that office on the party tickets will determine, to a large extent, the character of the other nominations. Therefore the journalism that furthers the idea of enabling the public sentiment to concentrate upon certain men and the public judgment to estimate the men who may possibly be struck by political lightning is journalism of the best sort. It is the MIRROR'S pleasure to contribute to the discussion referred to the suggestion that while the Mayor is only one officer to be chosen in the spring, a wise selection in that particular is most acutely to be desired.

As the chief executive, it is important that the Mayor shall be the best man available for the position—chosen

entirely from the standpoint of capability and a thorough appreciation of the duties of his office; to be the representative, not of a political clique or gang, but of the city and its varied interests. He will give to the entire administration of the next four years its tone and temper. A good, strong, clean Mayor is the first thing to be worked for by all friends of good government.

What such a Mayor can do for the cause of reform in a city, has been amply illustrated in the career of Hon. Thomas G. Hayes, Mayor of Baltimore, Md. At the request of the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, (Philadelphia) he furnished a statement of the reforms he had been able to accomplish, a brief synopsis of which will be of interest in this connection. Mayor Hayes' work for reform will be better appreciated when prefaced by his declaration, "I am a thorough party man, firm in my convictions and rather set in my partisanship, but, so far as conducting the business of a city is concerned, I am a simple business man, using the best business methods to return to the tax-payers the largest value of their money." He puts the principle in another and, perhaps, stronger way when he declares: "You cannot keep your oath of office and also listen to politicians whose hope is to plunder the people." A new charter, which, as city attorney, Mr. Hayes had been mainly responsible for and which he believes "to be the best and most effective instrument of the kind in existence," no doubt was of great advantage in his reformatory work. As soon as he was installed in office, the Mayor informed his colleagues that there were to be "no rake-offs in the matter of purchases by the city," that if he found out anything of that kind had been attempted, he would use all the city's legal machinery to land the guilty party in the penitentiary!

The first effort in reform began with the city's finances. The previous administration had submitted its estimate for the fiscal year 1900, amounting to \$7,616,424.87. By a close investigation, and the co-operation of a majority of the council, this was lessened by nearly \$300,000, to begin with. Then another \$200,000 was saved to the tax-payers on the lighting contract. When the only bidder, a monopoly, of course, offered a fight, the Mayor and Lighting Commission threatened a municipal plant and the monopoly came to terms. So with the Fire Department; hose that the city had been paying one dollar for was secured for six-y-seven cents, "saving several thousand dollars to the tax-payers." In the City Librarian's department (for books, stationery, printing, etc.,) nearly \$8,000 was saved. The greatest item of saving, however, was in the Water Department, where the decrease of salaries and expenses amounted to the handsome sum of \$218,000 in a year—"and the service to-day is better than it has ever before been in the whole history of Baltimore." Another item of saving, was in compelling the banks that were custodians of the city's funds, not only to pay interest on every dollar so held, but also to give penal bonds to an ample amount as security. These are the outlines, merely, of the reform government for one year, whereby a saving of \$771,502.59 was effected with a reduction of the tax-rate from \$2 to \$1.67. Surely that was well worth the while and speaks volumes in favor of a business administration. Another important reform was, compelling the users of public utilities to pay for them. Mayor Hayes takes the stand that "public utilities belong to the public and that when a private person wishes to use any of them he should be made to pay for the privilege." In his efforts in these directions, it was natural that the Mayor should meet with opposition. "It is hard to convince some people, that it is not wise to buy supplies of a man because he is a good partisan, when his competitor of the other political party sells twenty per cent cheaper." Even the press, "one of the leading newspapers," fired on the new administration for a time. But it is asserted that Mayor Hayes has held down this and other opposition. His measures of retrenchment have not only not crippled the government but, on the contrary, "the taxpayers are paying less and getting more than at any time in the recent history of the city."

THE AGNOSTIC'S PRAYER.

TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

O GOD! O Father of all things! O Lord and Giver of life!

O fountain of peace and blessing! O center of storm and strife!

The waves of thy will roll onward: I stand alone on thy shore:

I veil mine eyes in thy presence: I seal my lips,—and adore.

Art thou not Force and Matter? Art thou not Time and Space?

Art thou not Life and Spirit? Art thou not Love and Grace?

Do not thy wings o'ershadow the Whole and the humblest part?

Are not the world's pulsations the ebb and flow of thy heart?

O God! O Father of all men! O Lord of Heaven and Earth!

Shall we, who are dust before thee, exalt thy wisdom and worth?

Shall we, whom thy life embraces, set forth thy life in our creeds?

While the smoke of thy battle blinds us shall we read the scroll of thy deeds?

We spin the threads of our fancy; we weave the webs of our words;

But nearer to truth and knowledge are the songs of the quiring birds.

The rays of thy golden glory fall free through our nets of thought:

And all that we seek is hidden: and all that we know is nought.

How shall I kneel before thee, who hast no visible shrine? Is not the soul thy temple? Is not the world divine?

Will tower or transept tell me what the snow-clad mountains hide?

Is the surging anthem holier than the murmur of ocean's tide?

To whom hast thou told thy secret? On whom is thy grace poured out?

Whose lamp will direct my goings? Whose word will resolve my doubt?

Shall I turn to the sects and churches that teach Mankind in thy name?—

But the best is a mote in thy sunshine, a spark flung out from thy flame.

Slowly through all my being streams up from each hidden root

The sap of thy life eternal—streams up into flower and fruit.

Is this the truth that we dream of? We seek what we ne'er shall know;

But the stress of thy truth constrains us when the springs of thy love o'erflow.

At night, when the veil of darkness is drawn o'er the sunlit blue,

The stars come out in the heavens, the world grows wide on my view.

At night, when the earth is silent and the life-waves cease to roll,

The strains of a deeper music begin to wake in my soul.

Is it then, O God! that we know thee—when the darkness comes—is it then?

When the surges of thought and passion die down in the hearts of men?

Is it then that we hear thy message? Is it then that we see thy light?

Is the sound of thy voice our silence? Is the sheen of thy face our night?

Edmond Holmes, in the Spectator.

GOTHAM'S LITERARY CAUSERIE.

(MIRROR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

I HAVE just dropped, in sheer dismay, a copy of the New York Times literary supplement and publishers' prospectus, which undertakes to notice, I should guess, fully a thousand novels, mostly new ones. Dear God!—as the lamented Mr. Stevenson would say—whence comes this frightful output, and where is the need or desire of it? Is the living world emptied of its realities and given over to the puppet-play of fiction? I am myself as God made me, but I must beg leave to tell the esteemed l. s. and p. p. that I shall not read a single one of the thousand volumes which it so impartially commends. My loss? Of course, but I shall bear it *aequo animo* with very many of my betters who, unhappily, died before this extraordinary era of publication.

I suspect that the fiction market is being bullied in the interest of the publishers,—not an unusual thing about the holiday season. But there is at all times an awful lot of fake in the American book trade. Not long ago Mr. Munsey gave some rather startling facts as to the true inwardness of the alleged circulation of the leading magazines. He showed that their claims were enormously inflated and that all sorts of padding were resorted to,—in short, that the rich man, the camel and the needle's eye was an easy proposition compared with the difficulty of getting an honest statement of circulation from the so-called "great" magazines. Mr. Munsey's frankness will never be pardoned by his contemporaries of the trade, but the public (which likes to be fooled) has already forgotten all about it. It is likely that the same ethical condition obtains in the book trade proper, which is not widely separated from the magazine industry. I believe the book men lie with practised ease about the number of their editions as the magazine men lie about their circulation. Where the two interests are bunched, as in some important cases, the lying is done even better and the public more successfully hoodwinked.

'Tis a grave indictment of the American people, this business of the thousand novels. One can only hope it may be exaggerated, but such is the character for accuracy of the N. Y. Times l. s. and p. p., that no stem of light appears in that quarter. Certainly the novel-reading habit, carried to excess, makes a type of soul that is fit neither for this life nor the life to come. I think as much may be said of the novel-reviewing habit, which I should like to describe, à l'Irlandaise, as being at the very bottom of the bottomless pit of literary drudgery. One contracts a sort of mental chlorosis in looking over the thousand reviews of the thousand novels. What damnable iteration of stock phrases!—for the thing is become a cult with a terminology of its own. And the maddening assumption that the world, with so much real work to do, is clamoring for the puppetry of fiction! Yet on this point, I am not sure but the l. s. and p. p. may be in the right of it. Else why the thousand novels, the thousand reviews and the publishers' announcements covering uncounted columns of of space?

A good example of the type of mind which the novel-reviewing habit produces or induces is that W. L. Alden,—to whom I have heretofore referred in this correspondence. Mr. Alden has apparently read all the novels that were ever written and continues to read every one that comes out. His sympathies are thus limited to the shadowy realm of fiction, in which he lives, and moves, and has his being. The real world of sorrow and sin and struggle is remote from the ken of Mr. Alden, or, at most, important to him only for purposes of comparison with the no-man's-land of fiction. This curious inversion is a direct result of the literary reviewing habit. Thus Mr. Alden, writing of the late Thomas Edward Brown, whose "Letters" have recently appeared, makes this queer demonstration of the critical lues:

In several of the letters Mr. Brown writes of Mr. Hardy's "Tess" in a way that strikes me as being exceedingly just. Nevertheless he makes the strange mistake of finding fault with Tess because she did not appeal for help to Clare's father.

How could Mr. Brown have forgotten the scene in which Tess walked the long, weary way to the house of Clare's father and accomplished nothing by it?

The puerility of the criticism is less striking than the proof which it carries of a mind totally preoccupied with the concerns of fiction and sicklied o'er with the pale cast of unreality.

I met Edwin Markham,—too irreverently styled the Hoeman,—at a recent literary function. Mr. Markham wears his honors well, and seems to be quite unspoiled by the lionizing to which he has been subjected since the *succès éclatant* of his remarkable poem. He has a strong, keen and rather handsome face, and the air of a well-bred man of the world. Although Mr. Markham may justly claim to be the laureate of our neo-socialism, he is not without the instincts of a thorough man of business; gets the best prices for his poetry, and is already made comfortable by his extraordinary vogue. Thrift indeed is not incompatible with genius, despite the prevailing notion. I have yet to hear of a successful American literary man who is making ducks and drakes with his money. If we have anything in New York answering to the received idea of the Latin quarter of Paris (a proposition which I am unable to verify) doubtless the improvidence of *la vie Bohème* goes along with it. But such improvidence is properly relegated to the fellows who have not yet "arrived."

Is there not something factitious in Mr. Markham's idea of making so many of his poems mere pendants to celebrated pictures? I see he has done "The Sowers"—and done it indifferently—and is now advertised to do "The Angelus." Mr. Markham preaches better than he sings—indeed I fear he has not the thrush in his throat—and his poetry is overmuch troubled by his generous, though confused, sociology. Notwithstanding, Poet Markham has something to say, and he is saying it bravely, though with inevitable limitations and with too much telling us of how he came to say it. The fine note of humanity in the man would redeem a far worse poet.

So poor Wilde is gone. I was present at an informal gathering of writers the other night, and was touched by the outpouring of genuine sympathy which the news of his death evoked. The opinion was generally expressed that the tragedy of his untimely end would do much to wipe away the disgrace which cast so black a shadow on his last years. One gentleman, a poet of high rank, said that if Oscar Wilde had sinned, he had also done exemplary penance, and that out of his sin and sorrow and shame was born one of the great poems of the world,—the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Quoting the lines—

For every broken heart that lies
In cell or prison yard,
Is as that broken box which gave
Its treasure to the Lord,
And filled the unclean leper's house
With scent of costliest nard,—

he said the time would surely come when the world would honor the man who wrote these lines and would reverse the attainder upon his name and fame. Another gentleman, remarking upon the terrible expiation which Wilde had made for the sins of which society had adjudged him guilty, said that the great poem quoted would be fruitful of more good than all the professional gospeling of fifty years. In two lines, breathing the sincerity of Augustine, the poet has conquered the world's pity and made his peace in that quarter where alone he could be fairly judged—

How else but through a broken heart
Should Lord Christ enter in?

Beyond all question, Mr. Dooley Dunne is the favorite writer of that immense *chientele* which reads the Sunday paper. Even the *literati* are agreed that Mr. Dooley is a source of delight and pleasure. The experts are not always sure of his dialect, but they are ready to gamble on his wit. In this latter respect, Mr. Dooley has redeemed the Irish character, which was latterly falling under the reproach of not coming up to the established notion. Mr. Dooley's fun is perennially on tap, yet it is unforced and spontaneous. His vogue in New York is amazing. All

sorts and conditions of men and women quote the sayings of Dooley. No writer for the press has ever enjoyed such currency. Dooley is not only witty himself, but he is the occasion of wit in others. As happens with all good things, there is a tendency to overdo it—for which, of course, no blame attaches to Mr. Dooley. I am rather tired of being admonished to *cut the kyards, Hinnissey!* But what an enviable tribute it is to the merry-hearted writer, whose present illness is rightly viewed as a matter of national concern. More power to you, Mr. Dooley Dunne!

Michael Monahan.

New York, Dec. 8, 1900.

JUDSON'S "TAXATION IN MISSOURI."

BY GEORGE ROBERTSON.

(Ex-President of the Missouri Bar Association.)

THE preface to Mr. Frederick N. Judson's book, "Taxation in Missouri" calls attention to the failure of the system practiced to secure equality of taxation and says it is not only a question for lawyers, who work out and pounce upon these inequalities, but is, for all citizens, one of the most serious questions of our time. Neither this question, nor the law of taxation, he thinks, will be understood by legislators and those seeking reform in taxation, without a knowledge of the recognized principles of political economy which are derived from human experience. To understand the law of taxation, not only is this knowledge a necessary element of consideration, but its historical development, its judicial construction and its operation in practical administration must be studied together.

The author, for his subject, has drawn from the experience of a people who have governed themselves for nearly a century and has undertaken to explain the system, as developed and now in practical operation by them, with some discussion of taxation of the future.

The book, as its name purports, is confined to the exercise of the taxing power of the sovereign State of Missouri over its citizens. There is no discussion of the power of the National Government in that regard, nor reference to it other than the citation of judicial decisions of the Federal Courts, as they affect the administration of the law of taxation of this State. As, for example: the peddler's license-tax law, enacted by the Legislature of this State, contained a discrimination in favor of the producers and manufacturers of Missouri, the license being required only for those who dealt in articles which were not the growth and produce of this State, (State vs Welton, 55 Mo.) But, on being taken into the United States Supreme Court, (Welton vs Missouri, 91, U. S.) this discrimination was held to be in violation of that provision of the Constitution of the United States which gives power to Congress to regulate commerce between the States, and the tax upon the occupation was held to be a tax upon the property itself.

The author has divided his subject into three parts: First, Historical; second, Missouri Taxation in 1900, and, third, Taxation of the Future. The history of the development of the taxing system begins with the Louisiana purchase, 1803.

What is now Missouri was under Territorial Government, as part of this purchase, or as a territory, from 1803 till the admission of the State, 1820. The periods are, therefore, first, under Territorial Government; second, under the first State Constitution from 1820 to the second in 1865; third, under the second from its adoption in 1865 to 1875 and fourth under the present Constitution from its adoption in 1875 to the present.

When the newly acquired territory was divided into the Territory of Orleans and the District of Louisiana, including the present State of Missouri, the district was governed by the Governor and the Judges of the Indiana Territory. The first taxation in Missouri, therefore, under the United States, was levied at Vincennes, the capital of the Indiana Territory, by the Federal Judges and William Henry Harrison, then its Governor. The Act levied specific rates against houses and lots in towns, out lots, mansion houses in the country, of certain values, windmills and domestic animals. Bond servants and slaves were taxed not exceeding one dollar and upon bachelors not having taxable property to the amount of four hundred dollars

was levied a tax of two dollars and a half each. Farms were not included in the subjects of taxation. Licenses were levied against ferries and retail merchants who dealt in merchandise not the produce or manufacture of the district. This discrimination against foreign and in favor of domestic articles laid the foundation for a fruitful source of litigation waged against laws of taxation containing some features of discrimination until it was completely overthrown by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1875, by the decision in *Welton vs. Missouri*, although it had received a check by the State Supreme Court in 1858.

After the organization of the Territory of Missouri, June 4th, 1812, vesting the legislative power in a General Assembly consisting of the Governor, a General Council and House of Representatives, the Act of 1804 was, from time to time, modified. A tax was levied upon all lands, wheel carriages kept for pleasure and against attorneys and physicians.

The author has this to say of the territorial revenue system; it "was reasonably adapted to the conditions then existing and therein is in singular contrast to the system of the present day. The bulk of the personal property consisted of personal chattels, live stock or slaves, which could not be concealed. The subjects of taxation were selected by the General Assembly and specific rates fixed; and moreover there was a distinct and apparently successful effort to separate the local from the territorial revenue."

Self-government in Missouri, in the democratic sense, began with the admission of the State into the Union and the adoption of a Constitution in 1820. That instrument declared, "that all property subject to taxation in this State shall be taxed in proportion to its value."

The first revenue law of the State, after its admission into the Union, contained no material change from the system as under the territory, except that it created a tax against banks. The subjects of taxation were specifically declared as theretofore. The tax on bachelors was continued and "watches and chains" were added to the subjects of taxation.

In 1822 the tax levied on bachelors was abolished and in its place a poll tax was levied upon each free, white, male inhabitant. The first school tax was provided for in 1825. The first general corporation tax appeared in the Acts of 1833, but no general system of railroad taxation was inaugurated until six years after the adoption of the Constitution of 1865.

As there came a change in wealth and social condition, there was a gradual extension of the subjects of taxation. Stocks in banks were included and a license tax was imposed upon auctioneers, billiard tables, ferries, merchants and inn and tavern keepers. Money and notes were not included in the subjects of taxation till in 1841. In 1842, in his message to the General Assembly, Governor Reynolds complained that the Assessors, in forty three of seventy counties in all, had failed to execute the Act imposing a tax on money loaned at interest and invested in bonds. Merchants, until 1849, were taxed through uniform license charges when they were subjected to both a graduated license tax and an ad valorem tax on their goods. This double taxation resulted in litigation and was finally adjudged unconstitutional. But the law of 1847, providing that any farmer who shall sell the products of his farm for iron, salt, sugar, coffee, tea, spun cotton, nails or leather can retail such articles at his place of residence free from taxation or license, it seems, is still upon the statute books, nor has its validity ever been questioned in the courts.

In 1848, the tax upon lawyers was contested in the Supreme Court and sustained. An income-tax law enacted under the Constitution of 1820, was held to be valid. Under that Constitution, frequently, property was not taxed, not being named as a subject of taxation. Sometimes persons, corporations and educational institutions, by special Acts of the General Assembly, were relieved from taxation. This led the framers of the Constitution of 1865 to insert a provision that, "no property, real or personal, shall be exempt from taxation, except such as may be used exclusively for public schools and such as may belong to the United States, to this State, to counties or to municipal corporations within the State." The practice of the State legislative power, prior to 1865, had been specifically to name the kind of property to be taxed, while the Constitution of 1865 prohibited any exemptions from taxation except public property and required that taxes should be levied upon all property, real and personal.

This Constitution brought about radical changes in the

revenue system of the State, and the provision against exemption was the occasion of much litigation. Prior charters to some railroads, to educational and charitable institutions contained provisions of exemption. Under the new Constitution it was insisted that the property of these corporations was no longer exempt. The Supreme Court of the State held that the property was taxable, "that the taxing power rested in the sound discretion of the legislative branch of the State, and it was the part of wisdom to make all property within the Jurisdiction of the State, receiving the benefits of its protection, contribute its proper proportion and share the common burden."

Several of these cases were taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the State Supreme Court was reversed, on the ground that these exemptions were contracts irrevocable, when undertaken either by the Legislature or by the people, by a change of the Constitution. In 1872, the general revenue law was carefully revised and re-enacted. In this Act, every species of personal property—bonds, stocks, moneys, credits, capital stock, undivided profits, and every tangible thing being the subject of ownership, whether animate or inanimate and not forming any part or parcel of real property, as well as all real property was subjected to taxation.

Under the new regime the power to levy taxes for school purposes was given to local authorities. In 1866, the Congressional townships were made the unit of school administration and the Board of Education of each township was authorized to levy a tax in addition to the public funds, to erect school houses and support schools for a period of four months each year, and to continue six months if voted for by a majority of the voters of the township. This is the first general law of the State creating a local governing body for schools and conferring upon it power to levy taxes, to be devoted to the maintenance of public schools. Prior to that, it had been generally assumed that the fund arising from gifts of lands by the National Government was sufficient for the maintenance of schools for those who were unable to pay. In 1868, boards of directors of each sub-district were established, with authority to levy a tax for building purposes, not to exceed two per cent, and a greater amount only when authorized by a majority vote. In 1874, the township boards were abolished and the system of school districts with corporate powers, as the unit of the school system, was established and is still continued. Under the Constitution of 1820, the State embarked upon a false and ruinous system of loaning its credit to corporations, especially to railroads, by which it created a bonded debt, which, at the close of the civil war, amounted to nearly twenty five million dollars. This loaning of the State credit the Constitution of 1865 prohibited, and prevented the General Assembly from authorizing counties, cities or towns to become stockholders in or loan their credit to any corporation, unless two-thirds of the qualified voters assented thereto. The Legislature, in 1868, controlled only by the letter of the provision, passed an act giving this authority to municipal townships. Under it many bonds were issued and some extraordinary legal history followed. The State Supreme Court and the United States Supreme Court came in direct conflict. At first the State Court held the bonds to be constitutional, and the Federal Court, that they were unconstitutional.

The question coming again before the Supreme Court of Missouri it reversed its former decision, holding the bonds were unconstitutional and the Federal Court, again passing upon the question, holding them to be constitutional. Looking simply at the result of these judicial contests, it would seem that the chief purpose each Court had in view was that it should decide contrary to the other. The results of conflicting decisions between the State and Federal Courts as to township and county bonds, issued in aid of railroads, created much confusion and demoralization in county affairs.

The Federal Courts issued writs of mandamus to the judges of County Courts compelling them to levy taxes to pay the judgments rendered by the former for these bonds. Disobedience subjected these officials to attachments for contempt. This condition caused the General Assembly, in 1879, to pass what is known as the Cottey Bill. This bill provided that no tax, other than the State tax for revenue and interest and the tax for current county expenditures and for schools, should be levied, except under order of the State Circuit Court and it was made a penal offence for any County Judge or other county officer to assess, levy or

collect a tax without such an order. Again there was a conflict between the Federal and the State Courts, the latter holding the law valid, as to bonds issued before as well as after the passage of the law, the former that the judgment creditor is entitled to the same statute and common law remedies for the enforcement of a judgment against a county as if it were rendered in the State Court. The Cottey law has now been so amended as to authorize the taxes which it was enacted to prevent.

Inseparably connected with the law of taxation is the Constitution of the State, for it is a limitation or restriction of the power to tax, coeval with and inseparable from the exercise of sovereignty. When that of 1875 was adopted the taxable wealth of the State was more than twice what it had been when the Constitution of 1865 was adopted. There was a natural reaction on the part of the people, resulting from their experiences in loaning the credit of the State and that of counties and municipalities in aid of railroads, and in the Constitution of 1875, the prohibition against the loaning of the credit of the State was retained and extended to the counties and all of the municipalities. It was further provided that all property shall be taxed in proportion to its value; "that taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax and that all taxes shall be levied and collected by general law; that the power to tax corporations shall not be surrendered or suspended by the General Assembly, and that all railroad corporations shall be subject to tax for State and all local purposes, "on the real and personal property owned or used by them and on their gross earnings, their net earnings, their franchises and their capital stock."

Under this provision railroads are taxed upon their value as assessed by the State Board of Equalization.

This section, says the author, has been apparently construed as providing in the alternative different methods of taxing railroad property to be selected by the General Assembly.

The State Board of Equalization created by the Constitution of 1875 is of first importance in the administration of the revenue system of the State. Its duties are to adjust and equalize the valuation of real and personal property among the several counties of the State and it shall perform such other duties as may be prescribed by law. This Board is invested by statute with the sole power of adjusting and assessing railroad property, bridges, railway cars, street railroads, and telegraphs. It has no power to adjust the values of different classes of real estate. Its jurisdiction in that regard is limited to equalizing real and personal estate among the counties, while the individual assessments are dealt with by the county Boards.

Chapter three of part second is devoted to the discussion of the powers and duties of the State Board of Equalization.

Prior to the present system of railroad taxation, railroads had been assessed and taxed by the several counties, with very unsatisfactory results. On the first of each year each railroad is required to furnish a statement to the State Auditor showing the length of tracks in each county. But it is only the road bed, including the terminals and rolling stock, which is assessed by the State Board of Equalization. The local property of the company is assessed by the local assessors, as is other property.

Great difficulty is experienced by the State Board of Equalization in determining a basis of valuation of railroad property. It still adheres to the mileage system, both as to road bed and rolling stock, for valuation, as the best means for the apportionment among the several counties through which the roads pass.

Upon this basis the railroads are valued at 37 per cent. of their reported market value of securities. In 1897 the General Assembly enacted a law conferring upon the State Board of Equalization power to assess and tax the Street Railroads of the cities in much the same manner as is done by that Board in the matter of assessment and taxation of other railway property. This act confers the power of taxation not only for State but for county and municipal purposes. The Supreme Court, as stated by the author, has decided that the assessment of Street Railroads should be made by the State Board of Equalization as required by this act. No written opinion was delivered in this case and there are no data from which to ascertain the grounds of this decision.

Section 10, Article 10 of the Constitution of 1875 provides that the General Assembly shall not impose taxes

upon counties, cities, towns or other municipal corporations or upon the inhabitants or property thereof for county, city, town or other municipal purposes, but may, by general laws, vest in the corporate authorities thereof the power to assess and collect taxes for such purposes.

The word, "assess," includes the power to value for taxation, and it would seem, under the limitations of this section of the Constitution, that while the State Board of Equalization may have the power to assess for State revenue, that power, for the purpose of county or municipal revenue, is reposed in the hands of the local authorities and that the Act of 1897 is, in that regard, unconstitutional.

The author devotes a separate chapter to each of the subjects, "License Taxation," "Taxation of Merchants and Manufacturers" and "Local Taxation by Counties, Cities, and by School Districts." He finds cause for criticism of the law of taxation of merchants and manufacturers and points out wherein they are, in some instances, doubly taxed. In the matter of school district taxation and government he finds there the highest and most perfect type of democratic government, this, in reality, being the "town meeting" pronounced by students of political science to be the most potent agent in the promotion of the art of self-government the world has ever known.

The conclusions of Mr. Judson are that the present system, instead of equality of taxation, produces inequality and that the system is ineffective. The average valuation of farm property is one-third of its real value. For State taxation the citizens of Reynolds County pay within a small fraction of four times as much as the citizens of Chariton County on the same valuation, and so it is: the valuations of no two counties are alike and there is no rule by which they shall be made the same.

In forty-five counties the values of farm lands are fixed at a higher valuation than the railroad property of the State. City and town real estate is assessed at forty-two per cent of its value. The average assessed value of real estate in St. Louis is fifty per cent., while that of Kansas City is ninety-two per cent. of the selling value. Jackson County, in which Kansas City is located, assesses its farms at thirty per cent. of full value. This wide range of difference as between the counties and cities is also found, in the same counties and towns, as between individuals.

A report of the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics quoted, says: "Not only are assessments unequal in different towns and between counties, but in the same town next door neighbors are often obliged to pay different amounts of taxes on property of exactly the same value."

The same inequality of assessment between railroads is apparent upon the face of the valuation for the year 1900. The main line of the Chicago & Alton, from the Mississippi river, where it enters the State, to Kansas, is assessed to \$17,500 per mile, with no terminals whatever in the State, while the Missouri Pacific, with valuable terminals, is assessed at \$14,500 per mile. These inequalities could be reached by the enactment of a law enlarging the jurisdiction of the Courts, under the writ of certiorari, as suggested by the author of this work.

The State Board of Equalization though created to equalize the assessment of the counties has found itself powerless to do so.

A number of methods to remedy this evil have been proposed, but, so far, little has been done. Speaking of the the general discontent with the tax system of the State, attention is called to what is known as the California system, making the interests of mortgagor and mortgagee separate estates for taxation. This is "Amendment No. 3," which gained a majority of the votes cast upon the proposition at the recent election. In view of the unsettled conditions resulting from the claimed adoption of this amendment, the following is quoted as having the character of prophecy: "It would, therefore, follow that the adoption of the proposed amendment would be ineffective, in so far as any relief to the holders of mortgaged property is concerned, and would be injurious to our people and industries in discouraging the investment of foreign capital."

Mr. Judson thinks the inequality in assessments can be remedied by an enlargement of the jurisdiction of the Courts in the writ of certiorari. The trouble now is that the Assessors and the Boards of Equalization, both State and County, act judicially in making assessments and there is no means provided by law to ascertain whether the valuations made, include proper and legal elements in valuations, or whether all property is assessed equally with all other property in the same class. He suggests a separation of

the sources of the State and local revenue. The taxation on railroads supplemented with other sources of revenue, such as dramshop licenses, inheritance and franchise taxes, he would give to the State, while to the counties, towns and school districts he would give the property tax. "There will," he says "be no practical difficulty in effecting this separation," nor will it "mean any increased taxation upon any class of property."

Mr. Judson's standing at the bar is such as to make his discussion of the law of taxation an authority with lawyers, and, from an economic standpoint, with legislators and those seeking a reform of the tax system of the State. The failure under the present system to reach personal property causes the author to advocate the plan that the assessor "should only tax what he can see and value," and as an effective method of reaching personal property, he, in place of the present ineffective method, advocates the inheritance tax. He warns against unjust taxation and the enactment of tax laws that will drive movable property out of the State and thereby increase the assessments of real estate.

No one can examine Mr. Judson's book without perceiving the magnitude of the interests at stake and concluding with him that the failure of the present system in effecting equality of taxation is, for all citizens, "the most serious question of our time."

AN ECHO FROM THE QUARTER.

A LITTLE STORY FROM BOHEMIA.

RENAUD!

Ha! ha! Old Renaud!

You remember him, Gustave? Renaud, the fiddler of the Rue Martin, that relic of dead days—when the Quarter was gayer—when Fantine lived.

No.

Ah, yes; I had forgotten; he died before you came—died in his attic in the Rue Martin alone, where it was cold and dark. He died as he had lived, hugging a hope. And Fantine was not there. There was nothing there—nothing but half a roll and a broken mirror, and a tiny decanter that had once held absinthe.

The absinthe? No, Gustave, not the absinthe. It was something else. Old Renaud took to absinthe as a duck takes to water. He called it "sweet, cooling absinthe." Cooling! Ugh! You remember how Eccles the of the English play speaks of gin—"cool, refreshing gin!" Well, Renaud's absinthe was "cool, refreshing gin" to Renaud.

But then —

Did Lemarte ever tell you about the old man, his early days in the Quarter—his later life and his fiddle? Renaud used to say it was a Strad, but we did not believe him. There was no mark. True, the neck had the right curve and the varnish was good, but there was no mark, no mark.

Tell you his story, Fantine, Vivette and all? *Tres bien*. It is not a long story, just a tale of hope and loss, of a woman and a fiddle. When the G string snapped, Renaud, too, snapped the cord that held him to earth and went to heaven, a place, as he used to say, of green grass, with walls of anise and rivers of absinthe, everything green, bright, vivid, verdant green—the color of degeneracy.

But I anticipated!

Renaud was young when he came, a boy with soft brown hair and eyes that talked, and lips like two split cherries for their redness. The women fell down and worshiped him. There was Fantine—before your day, Gustave—a model, Bleury's model, a country girl who came among us here as fresh as the breezes that blow across the fields of the South.

And she never waxed stale, Fantine. She preserved that freshness always in cognac, Renaud used to say, and then would laugh.

But that was long after, when the little miniature he wore round his neck—a tiny portrait of Fantine's face—had slipped from its cord and been lost—leastways he never exhibited it as he had once.

Yes, she loved Renaud, as those girls do, you know. And he? In his way, in his way. He thought he did, and sometimes a thought is better than a reality, particularly in love, Gustave, particularly in love.

It was for a long time that Fantine and Renaud were lovers. He should have known better, you say. Ha! ha! he would have, had he been French. What? You have never heard? No, no; he was English. He came to study

painting, failed, and turned to his music, his fiddle. He took the name "Renaud." He was always called that; even when we came to bury him we nailed the card on his box—"Renaud." We had forgotten his own name. He was French to look at, to talk to, to hear play, but his heart was English, a deep-loving heart, easily wounded and hard healing. You know. Little Herbert was the same. He jumped into the Seine though. Renaud didn't do that. He just died.

Renaud began with Bleury, clever at landscapes and marines, but in figures—Bah! I wouldn't give a thimbleful of cognac for all his figure pieces, and he made many of them. He thought he was a great figure painter, as a clown so often considers himself a great tragedian, and somehow or other he convinced little—the little Englishman who came to be Renaud.

Mon Dieu! How that boy painted! His drawing was wretched, but none of us had the heart to tell him so. All day he would paint. Industrious? Most. Then Fantine came and his interest fell away.

There's not much soul in a tube of paint, Gustave. There are worlds of it in a violin string. Renaud learned that then—when Fantine came. Of an evening she and he would sit side by side in the tiny balcony window of his attic, he scraping out his heart with his fiddle and his bow, she looking up at him like a patient dog, only her eyes were blue.

He did nothing after that but play, play, play—and to her. Yes, he gave up painting entirely. Money? Some. He used to say an uncle had died and left him a few thousand francs. Maybe there had, but we did not believe. "Where did Fantine's money go?" we asked ourselves. "Into the Café Mercier, just out of the Rue Martin, for coffee and rolls, and an egg and cognac," we answered all in the same breath.

But Fantine was happy—

She called him by ingenious names of her own invention, and every night climbed the stairs to his attic to hear him play—always to her.

By-and-bye, after a year or two had slipped along the grooves of time, Renaud came among us one day, and said he would like to play for us at a ball—an artist's ball—provided we pay him. That was his *début*. I remember the night. The girls were all there. Fantine did not dance. She sat away at one end with Renaud, and only smiled at the others when they shot glances of jealousy at her. That soft hair, the brown eyes, the cherry lips! *Mon dieu!* Every girl in the room loved Renaud. We others were nothing. But he seemed oblivious to them all. He loved Fantine. Loved her true, did Renaud; but then, he was not French in his heart.

And then came Jean.

He painted impossible figures with Bleury, too. Fantine had become cold. She no longer clambered the long stairway to his attic after her work in the studio. He will lose her, we all said. And he did. One night Jean told us he was going into the south the next morning. The next morning came. He had gone, so had Fantine.

So it happened that Renaud came to play to himself—alone—in his attic. When he belonged to Fantine all the other girls had loved him, but now that she had gone away they laughed at him, and called him the jilted Renaud, and sneered.

So there was no one to sit beside him at the balls for many, many months. Then, in his loneliness, Renaud learned to love the absinthe. After that he played to the decanter and the half roll. His hair had grown a little grey around the temples and at the back, and his eyes were sunken a bit. We said among ourselves that he was going. Absinthe! And then we would smile. His dress became shabby as the days passed, and his trousers fringed at the heels. He kept his linen trimmed with the little pair of nail-scissors that he carried in his pocket.

The old Renaud with the soft brown hair and melting eyes and cherry lips had died. It was an absinthine shadow of him that lived and scraped the fiddle.

Then came Vivette.

She, too, was from the South. We thought at first that in her he must have seen a likeness to Fantine. But it could not have been, for her hair was black: the other's had been Titian. And she loved him, yes, deeply, strongly. She called him her angel, and other silly names, and Renaud seemed pleased, for little by little he became more like his old self.

It went on for a long time that way. He played to her



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now, and shared his roll with her and taught her to like absinthe. She was a good girl, but there were hundreds of others just as good, so no one begrudged Renaud his sweetheart till after.

Three years passed and then came the end of Vivette. After he had played for three hours one night, he told her he had never loved her, that he still loved the other—Fantine—but that she had gone away, and when she went he had sworn to be revenged on some woman who might love him. He cast Vivette aside that way. She was fresh from the country and had not learned.

After many days they found her in the water. Renaud did not identify her. He said he had washed his hands of the whole affair, of her, and of all other women. No, I don't know where they buried her, somewhere down there where they stow away those that no one loves.

We came to hate Renaud for that. We did not have him play for us for many months, and then it was only once. He was so steeped in absinthe that he could not keep the time. When we would speak to him about it he would say that he was doing all right, that it was our ears and our feet that were wrong. But we knew better. I know, you know what a five years' diet of rolls and absinthe means.

Renaud was a model for a little while. He worked with half a dozen different impressionists. They used to paint his head with its hollow cheeks and deep sunken eyes, and surround it with serpents and sleeping bats.

The music of the violin no longer floated down to us from Renaud's attic window.

One night, early in winter, Georges saw the Frenchman with the English heart creeping along the Rue Martin, and followed him. He passed the old Café Mercier in the shadow and came out into the Rue Tivoli. There used to be a pawnshop there. You must remember. Before the glaring window Renaud stopped. He stood there a few minutes and then crept back along the wall, in the shadow, to his attic. Georges crossed to learn what the window could contain that Renaud had been so interested in.

There on a pile of baubles and slippers, and knives and bits of torn yellow lace, rested a violin. Georges smiled and ran back to the Café Mercier, where we used to spend our evenings when there was music there, and told us that Renaud had pawned his fiddle and that he had just seen him looking through the shop window at it, then going away, his eyes hollower than ever.

After that, for many days, some one of us would now and then catch sight of Renaud gazing in at the pawnshop window—at his fiddle.

"I know," exclaimed Georges one evening, "he goes to see if it is still there. I believe he loves the fiddle even more than he loved Fantine. He thinks, maybe, that there is a chance of his getting it back again."

Georges' speech set us thinking. Rougemont spoke up and said, "Let's buy the fiddle back and take it to Renaud on Christmas morning with a basket of eatables."

"Good!" we all shouted. Georges, because he had made the discovery, was dispatched to the pawnshop to inquire that amount in which the violin was held. On returning he informed us that it could be had for ninety francs.

We all poured the contents of our purses on the table in the Café Mercier. The pile of coin amounted to seventy-eight francs. We were in a quandary. The balance—what would we do for the balance!

"I have it!"

It was Rougemont who had cried. Without another word he kicked back his chair and ran out into the night. By-and-bye he returned, hugging a little picture to his breast. It was a tiny marine, done in a splendid manner. Rougemont was so clever at marines. There, in the cafe, beneath a yellow light, on a table with seventy-eight francs in the middle of it, Rougemont stood and cried, "You strangers, all of you, look this way."

There were a dozen or more foreigners at the other tables.

"What do you offer me for this marine? It is worth a hundred francs and more. What do you offer me?"

shouted Rougemont, as though he had been an auctioneer all his life. There was some bidding. The bit of canvas went for thirty-seven francs. Cheap? It was sacrilege!

We sent Georges to watch the pawnshop window. The next Thursday was Christmas Eve. He told the proprietor that the violin would be taken up that afternoon. Each night still, Renaud, shivering with the cold, would creep along in the shadow of the wall, glance in at the window, see the violin, then hasten back to his attic and his decanter.

Georges stood there a long time on Christmas Eve. It was snowing and freezing on the pavement. After hours of waiting he caught sight of the figure across the way. Georges smiled as he wondered what the tattered man would think when he saw his beloved fiddle gone. We had bought it that afternoon.

Renaud slouched along and stopped before the window. He gave one look inside, then, tottering, fell into the snow. Georges did not move. By-and-bye Renaud rose. He staggered back up the Rue Tivoli and turned into the Rue Martin.

We laughed merrily in the Café Mercier that night. Ho, ho, for the morning with its surprise to Renaud.

Twelve of us, with a big basket of food for a feast and the violin in a new case, clambered the stairway to his attic shortly after sunrise. His door was ajar. Noiselessly we pushed it further open and filed into the room. A ray of the morning light shone through the little balcony window on a head of iron grey that rested on outstretched arms thrown over the table-top.

"He is asleep," whispered Georges.

We put the basket down, and Rougemont went to the still figure in the chair, and roughly shook it by the shoulders.

The head fell over the back of the chair. The jaw dropped, and two dead eyes, sunken deep, stared up at the ceiling.

The absinthe decanter was empty.

Karl Merriman, in Black and White.

GOVERNOR AND MRS. STEPHENS.

At the Locust street art galleries of Messrs. Noonan & Kocian, there are displayed this week two excellent portraits by Mr. John Wilton Cunningham. The pictures are of Governor Lon V. Stephens of Missouri and his charming wife.

Mr. Cunningham has achieved a triumph in the rendition of the character and personal charm of Mrs. Stephens. She is a sweet-faced woman with an indefinable grace of style, in an easy though dignified pose. Her sympathetic disposition is made to glow through her beauty, and the beholder can see, through the medium of the artist's skill, that goodness of heart for which Mrs. Stephens is so well known wherever known. It is a beautiful portrait of a beautiful woman. The treatment is strong and sure. The face has vitality, and the figure suppleness, and the arms and hands have a pleasing, simple naturalness. To those whose eyes may stray for a moment from the striking face of the portrait to the adventitious detail of the work, there is a revelation in Mr. Cunningham's painting of the lace in the lady's gown, the delicate tracery of her fan, the rich, crinkling glossiness of her embroidered satin train. This detail marks the artist, though of course it is of importance in the work secondary to the genius which has seized and transferred to canvas the impression of Mrs. Stephens' personality.

The portrait of the Governor is a piece of painting that shows Mr. Cunningham in a vein of workmanship that is much freer. The man Lon V. Stephens is there, and you see in the profile view a strength and acuteness that are lost when one sees him full face in the flesh, behind his spectacles. The Cunningham portrait explains Lon Stephens. It does not flatter him, but it shows him a man of will and not a little wisdom. The face is tenacious, purposeful. The head is somewhat romantic or poetical, speaking phrenologically. The face is touched a little with sardonic humor, and has a suggestion, too, of ruggedness of mind behind it. As Mr. Cunningham has put the Governor on canvas that personage looms up as being a man who has been unjustly belittled. The picture is realistic, not complimentary. It is Lon V. Stephens, as he is, and it is a pleasure to meet him thus, limned by one seeking only for truth and not for points for political distortion. Mr. Cunningham has painted in

the spirit of the masters of portraiture, and he has pictured a man without any disguise.

The pictures will be on exhibition at Messrs. Noonan and Kocian's all this week and should be seen to be understood for what they are, works of art by a St. Louisan which should bitterly rebuke some of the local codfish aristocracy for their ignorance in believing that they can only get fine portrait painting from foreign artists. Mr. Cunningham has no such malign influence over this community as Zorn of whom it is alleged that, living in Sweden, he is so great that a millionaire he is suing here cannot get justice. Mr. Cunningham paints pictures of people that the friends of the originals can recognize. Mr. Zorn paints pictures that he charges fortunes for, and the man for whom they are painted, in refusing to pay and answering suit for payment, says that he cannot get a fair deal because of Zorn's influence with St. Louisans. Mr. Cunningham's Governor and Mrs. Stephens are works which for sheer truthfulness and beauty of workmanship are in many respects better than Zorns, but Mr. Cunningham is a St. Louisan—and that is fatal with the *nouveau riches*.

Mrs. Stephens' picture was painted by order of a number of ladies who will hang the portrait in the executive mansion at Jefferson City. It will be, I am sure, always a benign influence upon those who will succeed the Stephenses in that historic home. *Pinx.*

MARKHAM'S LATEST POEM.

Edwin Markham contributes to the Christmas number of *Success* the most remarkable poem that he has written since "The Man with the Hoe." His new work is entitled, "The Mighty Hundred Years," and it is a story in strong, forcible, yet graceful and elegant verse, of the world during the past century. The following are a few stanzas, illustrating the growth of the world from the death of the dark ages:

THE MIGHTY HUNDRED YEARS.

One mighty gleam, and old horizons broke!
All the vast glimmering outlines of the Whole
Swam on the vision, shifting, at one stroke,
The ancient gravitation of the soul.

All things came circling in one cosmic dance,
One motion older than the ages are;
Swung by one Law, one Purpose, one Advance,
Serene and steadfast as the morning star.

Men trace the spacious orbits of the Law,
And find it is their shelter and their friend;
For there, behind its mystery and awe,
God's sure hand presses to a blessed end.

And so man pushes toward the Sacred Vast—
Up through the storm of stars, skies upon skies;
And down through circling atoms, nearing fast
The brink of things, beyond which Chaos lies.

Yea, in the shaping of a grain of sand,
He sees the law that made the spheres to be—
Sees atom-worlds spun by the Hidden Hand,
To whirl about their small Alcione.

With spell of wizard Science on his eyes,
And augment on his arm, he probes through space;
Or pushes back the low, unfriendly skies,
To feel the wind of Saturn on his face.

He walks abroad upon the Zodiac
To weigh the worlds in balances, to fuse
Suns in his crucible, and carry back
The spherulic music and the cosmic news.

"D'y'e notice onny change since ye was here before, sor?" asked the native guide at the lakes of Killarney. "How do you know I was ever here before?" asked the American tourist. "Faith, sor, no man ever comes here that hasn't been here before."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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ABBE PEROSI'S NEW ORATORIO.

Abbe Perosi, the young and talented composer, although silent so long, has not been idle. He has just completed a new work entitled "Moses," which (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*) is divided into three parts. The first deals with the flight of Moses from Egypt to save himself from the wrath of Pharaoh, and his meeting with the woman who became his wife. The dominant note is here sweet and tender. The picture ends with the "still, small voice" of God, who bids him save the Children of Israel. The second part opens with Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, threatening him with the wrath of heaven, followed by the principal plagues, set forth in symphonies and choruses, the killing of the first-born being in two parts—the mourning of the Egyptians over their dead, and, in contrast, the joy of the Israelites over their escape. The third part deals with Moses praying on the banks of the Red Sea surrounded by the murmuring Israelites, who know themselves to be pursued by the Egyptians. Then follows the symphony of the opening of the waters, the passage through, and the famous hymn of Moses, the music composed on the lines of very ancient rhythms, the traditions of which still exist. "Moses" has real action, almost operatic, and could, from its structure, dialogue, and choruses really be represented, although the second part is perhaps too complex. The libretto had originally a prologue, which represented Moses saved by the daughter of Pharaoh, but it was suppressed by Abbe Perosi's own request, as it would otherwise have been too long, requiring three hours for the entire execution.

Artistic Silverware, for X-mas gifts, Mermod & Jaccard's.

WOMEN AS INSURANCE RISKS.

M. M. Danforth says that the investigation of statistics made by R. Hingston Fox showed that as a rule the female risks, if as carefully selected, would be even preferable to male applicants. As to the dangers incident to the child-bearing period they are far less important as affecting the insurance risk than are those conditions of mental strain and worry incident to business, or the exactions of alcoholic excesses and dissipations, so much more common in the male applicant. It has been stated that women are more apt than men to conceal important facts, but this the author denies, saying that not a few of the latest writers on the subject assert that women are more likely than men to give a truthful answer to vital questions. The so-called "moral hazard" of female insurance is a much overrated, if indeed not a purely imaginary, objection, unwarranted by the experience of insurance companies in general.—*The Medical Examiner and Practitioner*.

From long experience: "What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Jones?" "Important instructions I forgot to give my wife before I came to town this morning; I am going to send it up home." "Will your wife open it at once?" "Rather! I have made sure of that." "How?" "I have addressed it to myself and put a big 'private' on the corner of the envelope."—*Collier's Weekly*.

A witty and cynical Frenchman advertises as follows in a Parisian paper: "A young man of agreeable presence and desirous of getting married would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."—*Ex*.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's—Broadway and Locust.
Mr. and Mrs. Lilburn G. McNair have returned from New York.

Mrs. Louis Chauvenet left a short time ago for New York to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ferguson left a short time ago for New York, to visit friends.

Miss May Stanley is entertaining her friend Miss Elsie Jackson, of Shreveport, La.

Miss Altine Frego and Miss Hattie Weed of Chicago, are visiting Mrs. A. S. Barnes of Maple avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scarritt have returned from their bridal tour and are now at the Franklin.

Mrs. P. Berthold Ladd, of Doniphan, Mo., is visiting friends in the city. She will remain until after Christmas.

Miss Sue Williams has returned from a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, of Princeton, N. J.

Mrs. James C. Stewart will give a tea on Saturday afternoon, in honor of her daughters, Misses Alexandria and Fanny Belle Stewart.

Mrs. Adele Picot Butler, who has been visiting St. Louis friends, will leave, the latter part of the week, to return to her home in Washington, D. C.

Miss Katharine Wilson left on Tuesday for New York, whence she will sail on Dec. 15, for Europe, to spend two months in Scotland with relations.

Mrs. William Stickney has sent out cards for a tea on Saturday afternoon, in honor of Miss Marie Peckham and her classmates of the senior class of the Mary Institute.

Mrs. William G. Moore, of 86 Vandeventer place, has sent out cards for an "At Home" on Thursday, Dec. 20th, from four to 6 o'clock, in honor of Miss Jessie Atkins Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cline, of Kansas City, who came on to attend the marriage of their son, Mr. William Hamilton Cline, and Miss Amelia Bayless, will return home this week.

Mrs. George S. McGrew has returned from Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert, who have been traveling with her, remained in Paris, and will not return for some time.

Mrs. Augustus Hart, of Portland place, has left for Southern California for the winter. She was accompanied by Miss Adele Hart and will later be joined by Mr. Hart and Mr. Jack Hart.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Messing have returned from their bridal tour and are located at the West End Hotel where they will be at home to friends on Thursday afternoons and evenings in December.

Rev. and Mrs. John W. Lee, of Westminster place, have sent out invitations for an entertainment which they will give on Wednesday, December 27th, in honor of their silver wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Walter Boogher, of 4131 West Pine Boulevard, has sent out cards for an "At Home," for Tuesday, December 18th, from four to six o'clock, in honor of Mrs. Glenn Clark Hill, who has lately returned from her bridal tour.

The Fortnightly Club will give their fourth dance of the season on Friday evening. The members of this popular organization are all young people who are not yet "out." A coterie of fashionable matrons serve as chaperones.

Mr. and Mrs. William Long, of 3404 Pine street, are expecting Miss Margaret Long home from the East, where she is attending college, to spend the holidays. Mr. Breckenridge Long,

who is also at college, will also spend the holidays at home.

On Friday evening a fashionable function will be the French Salon, which will be held by Mrs. J. M. Harney. A large number of invitations have been accepted by the elite. A feature of the evening will be that all conversation will be in French.

There is talk in the high social set of the highest social set to the effect that a high dignitary of the sect in question contemplates marrying, at an early date, the estimable lady who has been his housekeeper since the demise of his wife about two years ago.

Master Charles Billon, of 3963 Washington avenue, has sent out invitations for a Christmas tree and children's party, which will be given in his honor by his grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Gaylord. Mrs. Gaylord is at present entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Darwin R. Aldridge.

Mrs. Charles Hale Scarritt will hold the first of her two Fridays at home on Friday at her mother's home, 3402 Pine street. Mrs. Robinson will assist her daughter in entertaining. On Friday, Dec. 21st, the second and last will be held also at the Robinson home on Pine street.

An engagement of interest in fashionable Jewish circles is that of Miss Rosalie Dillenberg and Mr. Leslie Lieber. The announcement was made at an entertainment given by the parents of the bride elect, Mr. and Mrs. D. Dillenberg at the Columbian Club Saturday evening. Both of the young people are well-known in musical circles, Miss Dillenberg having participated in many of the amateur entertainments given by the Columbian Club.

The Cotillion Club gave their open ball on Wednesday evening. This club was popular last season under the name of the "Friday Cotillion." The chaperones are Mesdames James L. Blair, Dan Catlin, John D. Davis, Herf. Wickham, George L. Allen, Edward Mallinkrodt, Campbell Smith and McKittrick Jones.

Mrs. P. D. Cheney who has been abroad for some time, is again at home, and is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Pitman of Morgan street. While en route home, Mrs. Cheney visited friends in Chicago and New York. Miss Didi Kimball, who was with her, is still with Chicago friends.

Princeton College's friends in Society are making ready to entertain the Princeton Glee Club on the occasion of its visit to this city and its entertainment on the evening of Monday, Dec. 24th. There will be a great turn out of Princeton alumni and their wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts on this occasion. The roster of patronesses will be quite imposing.

The marriage of Miss Harriet Frost and Mr. Sam Fordyce will take place on Tuesday, December 28th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Hirschberg, of Lindell Boulevard. The wedding will be a very simple and quiet affair, and only the nearest relatives of the bride and groom will be present. After the ceremony the young couple will depart for a honeymoon, and upon their return will spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Fordyce, of 3634 Washington Boulevard.

A number of fashionable folk, went to Vincennes, Ind., this week to be present at the marriage of Mr. Napier Dyer, and Miss Marian McKinney of that place. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, and was a very fashionable affair. Mr. Dyer, the groom, is the son of Mrs. John Napier Dyer, who returned from Europe especially to be present at the ceremony. Her daughters, Misses Margaret and Delia Dyer, accompanied her. Mrs. Chouteau Dyer was also one of the party who went on to be present at the nuptials. After a honeymoon tour, Mr. and Mrs. Dyer will reside in St. Louis.

Mrs. Edward R. Eitman, of 6027 Eitman avenue, gave a dinner on Monday evening, in honor of several out of town guests. Covers were laid for eight, among whom were, Mrs. B. S. Ables, of Bowling Green, Ky., Miss Marguerite Campbell Moore, of Mobile, Ala., Miss Eleanor Frazier, of Terre Haute, Ind., Mr. A. H. Eitman, Dr. J. J. Meredith, and Mr. Edward Eitman.

Mrs. Charles Francis entertained the Acephalous Euchre Club on Tuesday afternoon. The guests gathered at two o'clock and euchre was played until four, when the prizes were distributed and a dainty repast served. Mrs. Francis was assisted by her daughter, Miss Emily Francis. Among those present were Mesdames Thomas O'Reilly, Thomas Rodgers, Pierre Garneau, Joseph D. Lucas, J. J. Mauntell, I. G. W. Steedman, Agnes Macbeth, Arthur Garesche, Thomas Crews, Frank Leet, Minerva Carr, Alexander DeMenil, S. Trowbridge, Ben Kimball.

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AESOP.

He sat among the woods; he heard
The sylvan merriment; he saw
The pranks of butterfly and bird,
The humors of the ape, the daw.

And in the lion or the frog—
In all the life of moor or fen—
In ass and peacock, stork and dog,
He reads similitudes of men.

"Of these, from those," he cried, "we come,
Our hearts, our brains descend from these."
And, lo! the Beasts no more were dumb,
But answered out of brakes and trees:

"Not ours," they cried: "degenerate,
If ours at all," they cried again,
"Ye fools, who war with God and Fate,
Who strive and toil; strange race of men.

"For we are neither bond nor free,
For we have neither slaves nor kings;
But near to Nature's heart are we,
And conscious of her secret things.

"Content are we to fall asleep
And well content to wake no more;
We do not laugh, we do not weep,
Nor look behind us or before:

"But were there cause for moan or mirth,
'Tis we, not you, should sigh or scorn,

Oh, latest children of the Earth,
Most childish children Earth has borne."

They spoke, but that misshapen slave
Told never of the thing he heard,
And unto men their portraits gave,
In likenesses of beast and bird!

Andrew Lang.

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This is both symmetric and polished:
"A lady who greatly admired a certain
preacher took Bishop Magee with her to
hear him. Afterward she asked her com-
panion what he thought of the sermon.
The bishop replied that it was very long.
"Yes," said Mrs. —, "but there was a
saint in the pulpit."

"And a martyr in the pew," Bishop
Magee returned.

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NEW BOOKS.

Those who are interested in the theory of Spiritualism should by all means read "The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life," by Lillian Whiting. It is, even to non-believers in the theory of inter-communication between the Seen and the Unseen Worlds, a most interesting quartette of essays. The subjects treated are "The Spiritual Significance," "Vision and Achievement," "Between the Seen and the Unseen," "Psychic Communication," and "The Gates of New Life." Miss Whiting writes lucidly and attractively. She aims to reveal what she claims to be the curiously close correspondence between the development of science and spiritual laws. How far she succeeds in this endeavor her readers will determine for themselves. The book is distinctly readable and even fascinating. [Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston. Price \$1 25]

A neatly printed volume of one hundred poems by Charles G. Blanden has been published under the title "A Valley Muse." Some of the poems are poetical, some are merely verse, but most are worth while and mark the author as of the army of modern bards. The verse entitled "Salvage" is a fair specimen of his style:

"Here where the old sea moans, I wait,
Not for my ships—they will not come—
But just to smile once more at Fate
And bear some bit of wreckage home—"

a pretty conceit, poetically expressed. His lines on "Millet's 'Gleaners'" are much in the style of Thomas Hood and there is much pith and point in them. For example:

"I wonder, Lord, if Thou shouldst come
When this our harvest ends,
Wouldst Thou be found where barns are full
Or where the gleaner bends?"

The singer, who has the fire of religion to enthuse his verse, can use it to advantage as in the "Hymn" which is worthy of the Bard of Olney. The concluding stanzas read:

"Good Shepherd, let my feet once more
Thy loving pastures know,
The mountains all are tempest swept,
And deep with snow.
Thy fold is Love; I long to feel
The pressure of Thy arms,
And lose in Thee forevermore
The soul's alarms."

Some of Mr. Blanden's poems are lacking in poetic dignity; there are here and there, too, apparent concessions to the exigencies of mere rhyme, but the rhythmic spirit is not lacking, nor that true feeling which finds "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks." [Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, Chicago. Price \$1.00.]

Since the days of St. George and the Dragon, there has been "a steady demand" for the mythical monster in art and literature. While the adult civilizers have, in the course of the past six centuries, entirely dispensed with dragons and placed them in the bric-a-brac cabinet with mermaids, unicorns and griffins, the authors of *juvenilia*, have given them a permanent place especially in Christmas books. It is something new, however, to find the dragon given a reputation for kindness and philanthropy, but this is the role played by two of these fabulous

monsters in a new Christmas book for the little ones entitled "The Tale of the Little Twin Dragons," by S. Rosamond Praeger. The book is appropriately illustrated with full-page colored pictures and many black and white engravings all cleverly done by the author who has managed to give the dragons a humane, not to say pious, expression. [Macmillan & Co., publishers, London and New York. Price \$1 50.]

"Quicksand," by Hervey White, is the story of the *Hinckley* family. There are three daughters, who attend the district school together. *Adelaide*, the eldest, loves "not wisely, but too well," an older pupil, who thereupon disappears from the scene, when the young mother dies, leaving her illicit boy, *Hubert*, to be brought up with the *Hinckley* family. *Libbie* and *Mary*, the two remaining sisters, have their love stories, too, that of *Mary* being a pathetic one. *Hubert*, after receiving a college education, marries *Maud*, a "co-ed," and lives in Chicago with her until the pious Mrs. *Hinckley* brings them back to her home. The baptizing of Mr. *Hinckley* in an icy pond when the poor man was half dead with consumption,—he died soon after—the red headed preacher, *Simmons*, and his uxorial experiences, the selfish, narrow piety of the mother, and the mad passion of her son who has an amour with his sister-in-law, (which as a tragic ending for her husband, *Hubert*,) are all features of this "Quicksand." One of the sensational features is the furore of disappointed love in which *Libbie* indulges in cursing everybody, the Deity and the devil. Mr. White has an excellent faculty of making his characters cohere. His *Hiram Stubbs* is a real hero, for instance, and heroic from first to last. But his book is too morbid in tone and too crude in expression. "He could sense the hand of the gentle Saviour leading him," is a rather obscure phrase for a novel reader, and there is too much of this emotional piety mixed in with the very lurid sensationalism. One would scarcely read such a book for amusement's sake and surely not for edification. [Small, Maynard & Co., publishers, Boston. Price \$1.50]

"In the Alamo," by Opie Read, is that author's latest novel. In it he describes the career of a politician who is also a lover. By a mysterious chain of circumstances nearly all the episodes of the story have some connection with the Alamo. Mr. Read, (is it "Colonel" Read?) gives a glowing description of the historic "Cradle of Valor," as he styles it—a serious description. For those who have read or may read Opie Read's books, and he is prolific, will easily discern a tendency in him to suddenly verge from the sublime—or as near as he can come to that quality—to the absurd. In other words, he is too much given to frivol when there is no justification. Those who consider him a humorist of the Twainesque order will easily condone this habit. To those who deny him this rank, his iterated efforts to be humorous are tiresome. "In the Alamo," is a well-sustained love story, reasonable and convincing. Its strength lies in the analysis of the hero's conduct while he is a candidate for senator from Texas, and while he is at the same time striving to win the hand of the heroine.

LYMAN J.
GAGE

Secretary of the Treasury, after taking a trip from Chicago to St. Louis, on the Chicago & Alton's Alton Limited, voluntarily said that he was agreeably surprised to find such service between Chicago and St. Louis; that it was strictly modern; and that he had never seen anything which surpassed it.

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There are some clever character sketches, and in the abundance of chaff, many bright grains of good sense and some worthy to be added to the list of aphorisms. The hero eventually attains one of his objects—which one the reader may discover if he will "overhaul the volume." [Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago. Price \$1 25]

How a young woman was fascinated by a young man at a concert, so that she was emboldened by his eyes to succeed in making a successful debut when she was on the point of failing from stage-fright, is one of the leading episodes of a novel entitled "Eugene Norton," by Anne Shannon Monroe. The heroine, *Catherine*, was compelled by an irascible father to marry a man she didn't love and led a wretched life accordingly. She flirts desperately with a handsome, young railroad builder, *Kingsley*, gets a divorce from her husband and, eventually, marries the gentleman with the remarkable eyes, who had been head-over-ears in love with her ever since the night of the concert. While the story has the earmarks of amateurishness, the hero, too much of a paragon and the heroine, rather a weak sort of a damsel, there are some good episodes and the interest is fairly well sustained. Another note-worthy feature is that it is a wholesome story. To use a hackneyed phrase "there is nothing in its pages that will bring a blush to the cheek of innocence." [Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago. Price \$1 25.]

"It is strange to find within forty-eight hours (or less) of London, a country into which few British tourists enter. Algiers they know, Tunis they know, Kabylia they have heard of. Of the rest they know and hear nothing." The foregoing affords the *raison d'être* of a book of travels, "Among the Berbers of Algeria," by Anthony Wilkin. While the journey into this *terra incognita* was undertaken with scientific intent by Mr.

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Wilkin, he does not overburden his record with technicalities of geology or archeology. On the contrary, he has written a genuine book of travel, which contains the experiences of himself and his party among Arabs, Berbers and Chawias, in an interesting narrative form. The author is a traveler of the kind which allows nothing to escape him—he travels with his eyes open. What Berber and Chawia men, women and children look like, how they dress, their homes, their food, manners, customs, religion—everything in fact one would wish to know—is duly recorded. Then his descriptions of the scenery, topography, climate and flora, and of Roman, and also pre-historic, remains are very readable. The reader learns that in this wild region (now under French rule, or partly so) are to be seen some of the most remarkable relics of the stone age. At Snam, for instance, where the travelers hoped, at most, for a cromlech, or two, there were "stone circles upon circles, scores and hundreds of them." These circles consist of stone slabs, three feet high, and six or eight inches thick, with an indefinite collection of stone blocks in the middle. But these remains will, perhaps, not interest the average reader so much as the modern aspect of life among the semi-civilized races of this part of North Africa, which the author treats in a bright and graphic manner, which makes easy reading. Besides, the book is handsomely illustrated from photographs taken by Mr. Wilkin, dozens of them adding greatly to one's appreciation of the letter-press. [Cassell & Co., Publishers, London and New York. Price, \$4.00.]

LITERARY NOTES.

Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," is the latest issue of Cassell's National Library, new series. Price 10 cents. In addition to the play is Whetstone's "Historie of Promos and Cassandra" upon which the great dramatist founded his play.

"The Reign of Law" has had a great success in England, having run through several editions.

The new edition of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" (Little, Brown & Co.) contains Andrew Lang's poem, "To Omar Khayyam." The following is one of the eighteen quatrains:—

"You were a Saint of unbelieving Days
Liking your Life and happy in Men's Praise;
Enough for you the Shade beneath the Bough,
Enough to watch the wild World go its Ways."

"The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," by Abbie Farwell Brown, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., tells the stories of seventeen saints who have been friends with and protected by birds and beasts.

Cassell & Co., London and New York announce a timely book in "The Story of the Chinese Crisis," by Alexis Krausse, who is considered excellent authority on China.

For many years the Marquis of Lorne has been a frequent contributor to *The Youth's Companion*, and now as the Duke of Argyll (the title to which he succeeded recently) he describes for the readers of that periodical the wild and beautiful western Highlands of Scotland and the rugged isles that fringe them. He is hereditarily the "lord of the isles." The natural beauties of the country, and the legends and superstitions of the people and their romantic history, are summarized in an article which leaves a memorable picture in the reader's eye. The illustrations are from sketches by the Duchess of Argyll—her royal highness the Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fourth daughter.

"Suggestion Instead of Medicine," by C. M. Barrows is a little handbook of mental therapeutics. The author assumes that suggestions made for therapeutical purposes are psychical stimuli which evoke in a patient the kinetic energy called *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Dr. Barrows' ideas are expressed in a scholarly style and are strictly on conservative bases. [Privately printed for the author, No. 142, Massachusetts avenue, Boston.]

"The Roycroft Books: A Catalogue and Some Comment Concerning the Shop and Workers at

East Aurora, N. Y., A. D. 1900," is one of those elegant pieces of book-making that one associates with "Fra Elbertus." Its paper, typing (in red and black) binding, and fine photo-gravures are delightful. Besides the list of books the "Catalog" contains articles on the rise and growth of the Roycroft Shop by Mr. Hubbard and Lindsay Denison. Price \$2.00.

LIVE AND WIN.

While ordinary life insurance has been objected to on the ground that—to use the phrase of an Arkansas man—"you have to die to win," one of the great assurance corporations has got a new plan by which the insured can live and win. It is referred to in the card of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, New York, in this issue of the MIRROR. It is a new policy, which insures an income for life to the insured person, and also to wife and children. This seems to fill a long-felt want, and is surely worth looking into. Mr. John C. Elliott, managing agent of the company, Chemical Building, will supply full information on the subject.

GREAT BOOKS OF THE CENTURY.

A symposium of more than ordinary interest in the current issue of the *Outlook* brings up a question which is likely to be discussed some time in the near future by the critics of all lands. Several eminent men were asked to name the greatest ten books of the century now closing—in particular the ten "which have most influenced thought and activities." James Bryce awards the high distinction of a place among the ten to Darwin's "Origin of Species," Goethe's "Faust," Hegel's "History of Philosophy," Wordsworth's "Excursion," Mazzini's "Duties of Man," Karl Marx' "Das Kapital," De Maistre's "Le Pape," Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," Malthus' "Population" and either Hugo's "Les Misérables" or some novel by Tolstoi. Edward Everett Hale names the same works by Darwin, Goethe and Tocqueville, but includes Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and works by Emerson, Scott and Hugo, together with Renan's "Life of Christ." Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who confines himself to English authors, names Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," "Waverley," Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," "Sartor Resartus," Emerson's essays, Mill's "A System of Logic," "Modern Painters" and Sir William Hamilton's editions of the "Works of Reid." Thomas Wentworth Higginson makes up a list naming writers only, mentioning Scott, Heine, Wordsworth, Hegel, Owen, Darwin, Emerson, Tolstoi, Hawthorne and Browning. President Hadley, of Yale, names Napoleon's "Civic Code," Goethe, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Froebel, Sainte-Beuve, Mrs. Stowe ("Uncle Tom's Cabin"), Spencer, Darwin and Renan.

Like all lists of the kind, these expressions of preference are dissatisfyingly inconclusive, but they are at least suggestive as to the position of a certain few works. Of the ten men who entered the *Outlook's* symposium every one mentions Darwin's great work, eight mention Hegel, six name Goethe; there are five votes each for Emerson, Mrs. Stowe and Carlyle, four each for Tennyson, Wordsworth and Scott, and three each for Comte, Spencer, Hugo and Ruskin. While there must be a vast difference of opinion as to minor works, it is safe to say the opinion here registered as to three writers—Darwin, Goethe and Hegel—probably would meet with the approval of a majority

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of the intellectual world. They are the three whose influence is likely to be still a living force far into the next century.

Whether the process of time will not then have changed conditions so that other writers not mentioned in these lists will have taken precedence remains for later generations to determine. Byron, who a few decades ago was a very active influence, has waned as a force; Balzac, whose influence in the past has not been felt in proportion to his genius, half a century hence may be a power in human thought. But Darwin, Hegel and Goethe seem almost certainly

destined to lasting eminence.—*Chicago Record.*

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On the contrary: *Vane-Glory*—"I hope Swainston said nothing about me the other night, old chap?" *Cecil Swarve*—"Not a word, old man; in fact, we had quite an interesting little chat."—*Judy.*

MUSIC.

THE CASTLE SQUARE.

Maude Lillian Berri, in a role not usually assigned the prima donna, appeals most successfully to the eye and the ear of the Music Hall habitue this week. She plays the *King in Strauss' "Queen's Lace Handkerchief"* and makes the part stand out, not so much by its virtues as either a singing or acting part, as by her magnetic personality, handsome form, graceful acting and her immensely effective singing. Hawley's chestnutty "Because I love you," is given almost a flavor of novelty by the unique way of handling it, and awakens the greatest enthusiasm.

But the Berri is not alone in her soprano-ness. Two other prima donnas, or one other and a soubrette singing the prima donna role, are also in the cast. Miss Ludwig, acting better than in "The Prophet," is the Queen and looks regal and sings with volume. Miss Quinlan has the principal part, that of *Donna Irene*, and, considering that it is out of her line, does surprisingly well with it in a dramatic and vocal way.

Delamotta is always good and works earnestly and to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Arthur Wooley is a new, and very clever comedian and *Blanche Chapman* sustains her reputation as one of the best character women of the day.

The famous finale of act second—the greatest, most inspiring light opera ensemble ever written—was sung with great spirit by principals and chorus and enthusiastically redemanded by the audience. The stage management was excellent, and the settings fine—as always.

DAVID BISPHAM.

His voice is by no means a great one—only a fairly good, useful, baritone, but Bispham can make more of a song than almost any other singer. A beautiful voice, phenomenally powerful, or of extraordinary compass, always compels attention and admiration, but the voice alone, well schooled though it be, would become deadly tiresome and monotonous in the programme that Bispham gave at the concert of the Morning Choral Club Tuesday evening. He gave the Schumann "Dichterliebe" cycle complete, omitting but one of the sixteen songs—a daring feat even for Bispham. But how clearly, how beautifully, he presents it all—the Heine poetry and the Schumann music! And what taste and musicianship, what musical and dramatic feeling he shows in this work!

Schuyler's highly original "Black Riders" songs were powerfully interpreted, Damsch's mediocre setting of Kipling's "Danny Deever" was given with thrilling effect, and Loewe's "Edward" formed a stirring climax to this remarkable recital.

Of the work of the club in Jadassohn's "Midsummer Day," nothing new is to be said. Mrs. Bollmann and Miss McClanahan were again the soloists and they, as well as the chorus, gave the same smooth, excellent performance that was given last May.

COMING EVENTS.

Schumann Heink, the greatest of contraltos sings for the Choral Symphony Society to-night. Her programme consists of the grand aria from Mozart's "Titus" an aria by Saar, and a group of *Lieder* by Schubert. The Orchestral novelty will be the

Scherzo, by Paul Dukas, founded on Goethe's "Pupil in Magic." Dukas is a young French composer of the ultra-modern school, and in this spirited musical joke achieves some daring, novel effects. He evidently has no regard for the luckless instrumentalists who interpret his fanciful piece as the technical difficulties are stupendous—it is in spots almost unplayable and altogether the most difficult task the orchestra has ever attempted.

Mr. E. R. Kroeger will give the first of his series of Lecture-recitals in the Recital Hall of the Odeon next Wednesday morning. John Sebastian Bach, "father of modern music," will be the subject. Mr. Kroeger will talk about Bach's influence upon the art-life of his period, his influence upon modern art-life, explain Bach's treatment of a fugue and many other interesting points. His illustrations on the piano include two fugues and selections from the "English Suite."

Mr. George C. Vieh's recital at the Odeon, Thursday evening, December 20, will be one of the most artistic musical functions of the season. Mr. Vieh's ideals are high, and he will live up to them in this Schumann-Chopin programme. He will have the assistance of Mr. Sidney Biden, a Chicago baritone, recently returned from abroad. Mr. Biden also loves his art for its own sake, and will give a programme of well contrasted songs from Brahms, and a fine group from Franz.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

At the Century Theatre next Sunday evening, Delcher & Hennessy's "Vanity Fair" will be the offering. Thackeray's great novel, dramatized by Mr. J. H. Nevins, is considered an excellent piece of work as it introduces all of the characters in the novel. Miss Coghlan takes the role of the fascinating *Becky Sharp* and is said to have been very successful in the delineation of the great adventuress. The support is a good one and the play is set with due regard to the requirements of scenery, costume, etc.

The equestrian drama of "Theodora, or Her Last Race" will be presented at the Olympic next Monday evening. Mrs. Clarence M. Brune in the title role, rides a two-horse chariot with a foot on either side and the race is said to be "an actual encounter between four fiery thoroughbreds." Among the company supporting the fair charioteer are Messrs. Melbourne MacDowell, John Sturgeon and Clarence M. Brune.

The Castle Square Opera Company's attraction for next week is Verdi's grand opera "Il Trovatore," as acceptable to lovers of good music to-day as when it was first presented, half a century ago. It may be said that "Il Trovatore" is to the operatic what "Hamlet" is to the dramatic stage. In its presentation, the audience at the Music Hall will have a variety of talent in some of the leading roles. Mr. Jos. Sheehan and Signor Miro Delamotta will alternate in *Manrico*. As *Leonora*, the favorite "prima" can be chosen from this quartette Miss Adelaide Norwood, Miss Kent and Josephine Ludwig or Gertrude Rennyson. Misses Frances Graham and Maude Lambert will alternate as the gypsy, *Azucena*; William H. Clark, will be *Ferrando* and *Count di Luna* will be taken by Messrs Harry Luckstone and Francis Rogers.

"The Dewey Burlesquers" who are billed to appear at the Standard, next Sunday, will, no doubt, inaugurate the festive season at that popular house. The company is said to be composed of a jovial crew of merry-makers, musical and terpsichorean, and likewise largely imbued with the comedy element. That they will fill the hearts of their audience with the carnival humor may be taken for granted and a high old time anticipated.

The dramatization of Stevenson's famous "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is considered one of the

strongest plays of modern times. Its presentation by the Imperial Stock Company, next week, is looked forward to with interest, for it calls for unusual histrionic ability, on the part of the leading character, especially. That Manager Giffin is well assured of being able to make a worthy rendering of this melodrama may be safely assumed, for his standard, so far this season, has been an excellent one.

"At next Sunday afternoon's popular concert at the Odeon, Miss Alice Layat, who has recently returned from Paris, where she succeeded in capturing two gold medals in the Violin School of the Paris Conservatory, will make her professional debut before a St. Louis audience. The charming soprano, Miss Jeannette MacClanahan, will sing the "Jewel Song" from Faust and a series of new ballads. Mrs. Nellie Allen von Hessenbruck, one of the best known local pianists, will also assist at this concert."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

James Whitcomb Riley will read popular selections from his works at the Odeon, Wednesday evening, December 19th. The advance sale of seats will open at Bollman Bros., Saturday morning, December 15th. It goes without saying that Mr. Riley is one of the most popular and gifted men of the times. The fact that he seldom appears on the platform, adds still greater interest to the announcement of his coming. He was last here three years ago. The poet will attract an immense audience. His genius and personality are such as to win all sorts and conditions of people—the student, the idealist, the busy man of affairs, the toiler, the teacher, the critical and the casual reader, and the children. Each and all are interested in the poet and the man, who has been called "the American Bobby Burns."

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AT THE PLAY.

"THE VICEROY."

The music sharp should have handled this department this week, but he couldn't, and so I'll tackle "The Viceroy." "The Viceroy" is by Victor Herbert, as to music, by a man named Smith, as to libretto. It is said to be a comic opera. Well, to me, it was the most desperately uncomic opera that ever was operated.

I like Victor Herbert. He's a German-Irishman or an Irish-German. I like him most when the Irish predominates. It doesn't in "The Viceroy." Not on your life. Wagner is heavy upon him. The opera smacks more of beer than of usquebaugh. The libretto is idiotic. All librettos are that way, but this libretto is idiocy multiplied by itself until it reaches the empty-umpty power. There's a hint of a tune here and there, as in the thing that goes something like "rat-tat-tat-tat-Tivoleeni," but there's nothing, generally speaking, whistleable or humable. The music is said to be technically good. That I can't pass on. All I know is, that it doesn't catch on.

The Bostonians do fairly well with "The Viceroy." They aren't the Bostonians we used to know. They aren't the perfectly adjusted machine they were. You can hear the creaking of the bones of age all the time. This is metaphor, of course, for there are plenty of pretty girls in the organization, — one in particular who parts her hair simply, and pushes it back from her forehead and lets it fall down in front of her waist in the second act.

The jokes are as old as the chief joker, H. Clay Barnabee. Mr. Barnabee is the father of jokes. He has been joking in comic opera since comic opera was invented. He has been doing funny stunts amid bunches of "beauts" until the man has actually become tragic, to my thinking. But he's nimble on his pins, and his jokes are received with that cordiality which it is sweet and proper to bestow upon old friends.

Most grievous is the humoresqueness of Mr. Martin as *Bertraco*. Mr. McDonald has a flat part as *Corleone*. Mr. Fitzgerald is fairly harmless in his efforts to get fun out of a part built upon the ancient affliction of stuttering. Mr. Frothingham's jailor is a aborously hard.

As for the ladies, they are as good as the opera will permit. I didn't see or hear Hilda Clark do anything but disport her shape and swing a cloak gracefully over her shoulder once or twice. Adele Rafter was darkly, warmly pleasing, but her greatest hit, Monday evening, was made when she slipped behind the scenes to put out of sight a wierd piece of linen tape that dangled about her ankles during a little turn with Barnabee. Miss Rafter, however, is graceful in her movements, and can sing easily. Belle Fremont did some thrilling thrilling in spots, and Josephine Bartlett in the usual funny female part was an affliction—I mean the character was an affliction. Miss Bartlett couldn't have done anything more with it.

The costumes are pretty. The shapes the costumes set off are worthy of estimation by a sculptor. The scenery is very effective in every particular.

But the opera is heavy, heavier than anything Victor Herbert has ever done, utterly unworthy of him, save in, at the most, three snatches of melody. There were good judges of music in the audience Monday night who could hardly keep awake.

"The Viceroy," in my opinion, is pretty bad. Maybe I don't know anything about

music. Granted. But I do know that the book is deeply, darkly, densely, diabolically dismal.

THE BURGOMASTER.

Now the Burgomaster is a thing I can understand—if any one can. It's so deliciously inconsequential and incoherent and inchoate, and so forth. It doesn't mean anything. The music is all stolen, but it's good. The boys in the gallery can whistle it. It's so easy that even Gus Weinberg can sing it—when the management will let him. The production is rather bleak in long stretches. There are wastes of mere puling language. The tun of the Burgomaster and *Doodles* is archaically puerile, but it's clean, and Gus Weinburg has a dialect that wears sauer-kraut whiskers. The man who doodles plays some concertina and a little oboe in the last act and thus atones for an ill-spent earlier evening. Miss Yerrington loves to mount in high flights of song. Miss Coleman has a voice that starts out in one class and does a lightning change act into another class before she gets half through a phrase. Josephine Newman is smart and chic and graceful and shapely. The ragger girls are a great hit. They are the best ever seen on the stage here. Laura Joyce Bell's imitation of "Sappho," while made up as Leslie Carter, is broadly farcical. The legs of the chorus are remarkably trim and the audience leaves humming the Indian chorus, "We're Civilized," and "The Tale of a Kangaroo." I know what the Bostonians will think of me when they contrast this notice of "the Burgomaster" with that of "the Viceroy," but, as I said before, I'm no music sharp, and I hope the Bostonians won't be too hard, because, really and truly, I haven't said half what I think of their show.

THE IMPERIAL.

Grayce Scott's gowns, and W. H. Pascoe, the new leading man, are making great hits at the Imperial this week.

Not but that Miss Scott plays sympathetically and intelligently the difficult role of the unhappy songstress, *Marguerite Otto*, in "Friends," and the other members of the company are doing good work. *Au contraire*, the Imperial players are exceptionally happy this week in Milton Rayle's popular drama. DeWitt C. Jennings contributes another strong character drawing to the varied list he has given this season. Donald Bowles developed unlooked for powers as *Adrian Karje*, and all the others were at their best, but the gowns and the new leading man overshadowed everything else.

The gowns are rarely becoming to the dainty blonde, Miss Scott, and are most elaborate and costly looking affairs. One is composed, principally, of many iridescent butterflies, another is a handsome lace pattern outlined on a black background, and then there is a shimmering satin wrap, and the most becoming of all is a rich velvet carriage suit.

The leading man holds his own against the gowns, and feminine eyes gaze quite as admiringly on his classic profile as they do on the costly fabrics that billow around Miss Scott. Mr. Pascoe is a very good-looking young fellow, has a pleasant way with him, an exceptionally clear, agreeable voice, and apparently knows something about acting, though the role of *John Paden* is scarcely a test.

Fine Diamonds, for X-mas gifts, Mermod & Jaccard's.

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The "Scott" Storage Battery,

Invented by MR. ASHLEY D. SCOTT, and made only by

SCOTT & COOPER MANUFACTURING CO.,
1909-1911 Locust Street, St. Louis.

SWAGGER.

"One of the most attractive personages this season in Paris," writes the correspondent of a fashion journal, is Miss B——, who, I am informed is a St. Louis lady and the lineal descendant of one of the Franco-Spanish pioneers of that section. Miss B——has been a welcome guest among the *haut ton*, not only on account of her sprightliness and wit, but also because of the good taste she displays in her costumes and street dresses. A well-known journalist, speaking of 'la petite St. Louisienne,' as he called her, remarked that she "differed from too many of her country women in always being 'reposeful' and having none of the *gaucherie* one almost always expects from American women, especially young ones. Miss B—— is, of course, considered a 'most available *parti*' for those members of the titled clubs who are looking for rich and attractive American brides, and many are the aspirations cast as she rides along the boulevards or is seen at the opera. Already it is rumored that a young and handsome nobleman is anxious to make the fair St. Louisian a duchess. He is not a pauper, by any means and in fact, has several *chateaux* (not *en l'Espagne*) and a 'swell' bank account. Whether there is any truth in the story or not, I cannot say, but I do know that Miss B——has received direct from St. Louis a number of very elegant and stylish hats made by the leading Milliner Rosenheim. Nothing as 'swagger' can be seen in Paris and perhaps this may confirm the story."

The most beautiful designs in X-mas Cards and XXth Century Calendars ever shown are those of Mermod & Jaccard's, the Society Stationers of St. Louis, Broadway and Locust. Prices 5c to \$10.

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Enables a man not only to provide an income for life to his wife, but secures an income for himself as well.

Under its terms a father may obtain a life income and at the same time contingently secure the same for a child. Or a brother may provide for himself and for a sister, or a son for himself and a parent.

It offers the very best form of insurance investment at the lowest possible cost, and it is a contract whose fulfillment is guaranteed by the Greatest Financial Institution of its kind in the world.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The intrinsic merit of railroad stocks was well demonstrated in the past week. Although the bear forces made a successful raid on the industrial list, particularly Tennessee Coal & Iron, American Steel & Wire, American and Continental Tobacco, U. S. Rubber, Sugar and Pacific Mail issues, railroad stocks of established reputation maintained their position very well, and reflected little liquidation. The only selling pressure worth noticing asserted itself in stocks like St. Paul, Burlington and Rock Island, the rapid advance in the prices of which had been due more to covering of short lines than legitimate buying for investment. So far as medium-priced stocks are concerned, there was good buying at the occasional moderate setbacks, strong features being the Southern Railway, Missouri Pacific, St. Louis Southwestern, Atchinson, Union Pacific, Louisville & Nashville, Chesapeake & Ohio and Norfolk & Western shares. Declines in this group did not exceed more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ points from the recent high level. Compared with the almost sensational break in Tennessee Coal and Iron, Rubber and Sugar, ranging from 13 to 23 points, the reaction in railroad stocks was almost insignificant, and caused a good deal of comment. The bulls are, for this reason, considerably elated, and predict that railroad stocks will soon act independently of the industrial and traction departments, and fluctuate in accordance with existing conditions.

After being in a dormant state for a long time, Erie issues leaped suddenly into prominence and activity, the first preferred touching the highest price since the reorganization of the property. The clique that is operating in the stock set all sorts of rumors afloat. Rumors of a dividend were flying thick and fast, and supplemented by stories of Vanderbilt buying and of consolidations with various systems. The company is now making heavy expenditures for improvements and new equipment, but earning the full 4 per cent dividend on the first preferred. For the month of October, the earnings showed a decrease in net of more than \$300,000, due to the coal strike, but the officials declare that they will be able to make up for the loss within the next few months. Erie shares have not been popular since the time that Gould, Drew, Fisk and Vanderbilt were struggling for supremacy. Its past history is a very malodorous one.

Rumors of a reduction in the dividend on Tennessee Coal & Iron caused a break in the stock to $56\frac{1}{2}$, which price compares with $79\frac{1}{4}$ a few weeks ago. The earnings of the company are not satisfactory, and a cut in the dividend-rate would certainly be justified. It all depends, however, on whether the insiders are long or short of the stock; if they are long, the present rate will be maintained; if they are short, a reduction may safely be counted upon. The stock is a good one to leave alone.

After a severe break in Rubber preferred and common, prices recovered a few points on intimations that the preferred would be maintained on the prevailing dividend-basis of 8 per cent. per annum. There can be no doubt that some stock-jobbing scheme is going on, and that Rubber shares will indulge in quick and sharp movements in the near future. Shrewd traders believe that both common and preferred are a good purchase, and that the clique is "loading up," in preparation for a bulge.

The efforts to oust Mr. Gates from the

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK.

The Bostonians

Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday Matinee

The Viceroy

Saturday night

Robin Hood

NEXT MONDAY

Elaborate scenic production Sardou's

Theodora.

Presented by Mrs. Clarence M. Brune

Including Melbourne MacDowell Clarence M. Brune and John Sturgeon

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK.

The Burgo-master

NEXT SUNDAY

With Regular Wed. and Sat. Mats. Delcher & Hennessey will represent

Miss Coghlan

who will impersonate

Becky Sharp

in a superb production of Thackeray's

VANITY FAIR

Dramatized by J. H. Nevins

IMPERIAL

The Imperial Stock Company Direction of R. L. Giffen.

THIS WEEK

FRIENDS

25c—Bargain Mats., Tues, Thurs., Sat.—25c Night Prices—15c—25c—35c—50c

NEXT WEEK

DR. JEKYLL

AND

MR. HYDE

ODEON

Grand and Finney Avenues.

Sunday Popular Concerts

and Recitals on the

GREAT ORGAN,

Under the direction of ALFRED G. ROBYN Assisted by the best Local Talent.

Every Sunday Afternoon at 3:30

Entire change of programme at each concert. Admission to all parts of house, 25 cents.

Board of Directors of the American Steel & Wire Co., have so far proved unsuccessful. Gates is a born fighter and will fight his enemies tooth and nail. His retirement is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but, at this writing, it appears like a Utopian dream. As long as he is connected with the company, the shares will not enjoy much of a standing with prudent people, no matter what dividends may be declared.

Federal Steel common, after dropping about five points from its recent top price, developed considerable strength on talk that the directors would soon declare another 5 per cent dividend. The stock would be cheap at current prices, at which it pays 10 per cent on the investment, but for the fact that there is too much uncertainty about the future of the iron and steel business. According to reports from England and Germany, the

NEW CALIFORNIA LINE.



Leaves St. Louis at 2:15 p. m., arriving at Kansas City at 9:30 p. m., where the connection is made with the Atchison Topeka and Sante Fe CALIFORNIA LIMITED, leaving Kansas City at 10:15 p. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for

Los Angeles and intermediate cities.

This is the fastest train to Southern California and over the shortest line, with unsurpassed equipment.

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Highest Class Opera at Popular Prices.

To-Night and All Week,

QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

A Handsome Lace Handkerchief to Every Lady in Each Audience.

NEXT WEEK—Monday, Dec. 17-22, with Sheehan, Delamotta, Norwood, Ludwig, Rennyson, Graham, Lambert, Clarke, Luckstone, Rogers and others.

Evenings, 25c to \$1.00. Wed. Mat., 25c, 50c. Sat. Mat. 25c, 50c, 75c. Boxes, seating six, \$3.00 and \$5.00.

Music Hall.

Souvenir Week.

Il Trovatore

CHORAL-SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

THE GREATEST MUSICAL EVENT OF THE SEASON.

Thursday Evening, Dec. 13, 1900. 8 O'Clock Sharp, at the Odeon.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink

And the Symphony Orchestra of 55 Musicians with a Highly Artistic Programme.

Prices: Parquet, \$1.50; Balcony, first two rows, \$1.00; Balcony, remainder, 75c. Tickets to be had at Bollman's.

THE STANDARD.

Night at 8.

The Vaudeville House of the West.

Matinee every day at 2

THIS WEEK

Utopian Burlesquers

NEXT WEEK

Dewey Burlesquers.

AT THE ODEON,

Grand and Finney Aves.,

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19,

James Whitcomb Riley

Will appear in Selections from His Own Writings.

Seat Sale opens at Bollman Bros., 1100 Olive Street, Saturday Morning, December 15th.

depression in the iron industry in Europe is very acute and competition is increasing and cutting prices severely. This state of things will sooner or later be reflected in the United States, and, for this reason, buyers of steel stocks should keep close to shore and keep a close watch on developments. The steel

trusts organized in this country two years ago, are heavily overcapitalized, and any serious falling off in business would play havoc with the securities.

The strike of telegraph operators has had little or no effect on the shares of the Atchison Company. After a decline of

St. Louis Trust Co.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits from **2 to 4%**

Temporary Offices: N. E. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets.

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Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 4	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102 -103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St'g 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
(Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 -106
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 1/2	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg.	1923	95 -99
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	115 -115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 -117
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	94 1/2 -95 1/2
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100 1/2 -100 3/4
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 -90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$150	Dec. '00, 8 SA	201 -204
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	180 -185
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	175 -177
Fourth National	100	Nov. '00, 5 p.c. SA	210 -212
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 -295
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Dec. 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	July 00, 3 p.c. SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 5 SA	400 -600
Mechanics	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	205 -210
Merch.-Laclede	100	Sept. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	159 -162
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	262 -264
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	159 -162
Third National	100	Oct. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	159 -160

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A. 3	153 -156
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	303 -305
St. Louis	100	Oct. 00, 1 1/2 qy	231 -238
Union	100	Nov. '00, 8	230 -233
Mercantile	100	Oct '00 Mo 75c.	260 -263

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 107 -108
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 1/2 -118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 -117 1/2
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 -
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		90 -91
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 104 1/2 -105
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 1/2 -116 1/2
do Incomes 5s		1914 95 -97
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 -118
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 122 -125
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
United Ry's Pfd.	Oct '00 1 1/2	66 1/2 -67
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	85 1/2 -85 3/4
St. Louis Transit		19 1/2 -19 3/4

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	26	July 1900 4 SA	42 -43

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		8 -9
" Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/2 qy	39 -40
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1900 1/2	21 -22
" Pfd	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	68 -70
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO.	125 -132
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	10	Mar. 1900 1/2 MO	125 -135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		285 -270
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	May 1900, lqy	85 -90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	45 -49
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10.	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA	70 -72
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		51 -52
Mo. Edison com.	100		17 1/2 -18 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qy 1 1/2	180 -90
Simmons Hdq Co.	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	149 -152
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	142 -151
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Sept. 1900	142 -151
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Oct. 1901 1 1/2 qy	14 -15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	47 -48
St. L. Brew Com.	10	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	43 -44
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '96, 4	30 -34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '96, 1 qy	2 -3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 1/2	194 -196

WHITAKER & HODGMAN,
Bond and Stock Brokers.Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on
Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

about one-half of a point, both classes of stock rallied quickly, the common from 37 1/2 to 39 1/4, and the preferred from 82 1/2 to 83 7/8. The buying in these issues is of good character, and there can be no doubt that higher prices will be seen after awhile. The company is now earning at the rate of 6 per cent on the common stock. While a large part of the surplus will be set aside for improvements, there is a sufficient reason to believe that the common will be placed on a dividend-basis next June. The only thing that is partly restraining purchases of the common stock is the belief that the operating expenses are too low. With a demonstration of the ability of the company to operate the lines successfully and permanently at 52 per cent of the gross earnings, there will be big buying of both preferred and common. The strike is treated with indifference. Wall street has always acted on the principle never to sell stocks on account of a strike.

There is some disposition to buy Mexican National and Mexican Central shares, owing to the rising tendency in the price of silver, which, it is thought, will certainly benefit the silver countries materially. The advance in silver is ascribed to the large demand for the metal from China and India. Advices from the London market indicate that a further appreciation is expected.

The directors of the Denver & Rio Grande Ry. Co. have declared a semi-annual dividend on the preferred stock of 2 1/2 per cent, which makes the stock a 5 per cent. dividend-payer. The earnings are increasing at a handsome rate, and something is now being earned on the common, which stock is entitled to everything over and above the 5 per cent. on the preferred shares. Both classes are deserving of attention and are not dear at prevailing prices. The company is very conservatively and ably managed. Mr. E. T. Jeffrey, the President, is one of the most favorably known railroad-men of the United States.

There is good buying of Chesapeake & Ohio, Missouri Pacific, Chicago & Alton, Louisville & Nashville, Southern Ry. and Norfolk & Western, also of Big Four and New York Central. Big Four common will sell in the 70s in the near future, as the stock may be placed on a 4 per cent dividend-basis at any time. The stock is closely held, and the buying of a few thousand shares would quickly send it up from 4 to 5 notches.

Money is firm at from 5 1/2 to 6 per cent, and stiff rates are expected for the rest of the year. Sterling exchange is weakening,

and a further drop of about 1 per cent would bring us down to the gold-importing point. There is no anxiety about money-rates, as the Government will anticipate interest payments next week, and thus relieve the situation materially.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Strength and activity characterized the local security market in the past week. Everything is higher, and investment buying was very much in evidence, in spite of the higher money rates. The shares of local Banks and Trust Cos. are easily the favorites; they are steadily being absorbed, and buyers display a good deal of judicious discrimination. Third National rose to 160, at which a sale was made; Fourth National is 210 bid; National Bank of Commerce 261 bid; Lincoln Trust 231 bid. The demand for Mississippi Valley continues; the stock is offered at 305. Third National will, no doubt, go higher; it is one of the cheapest 6 per cent. banks stocks in the city.

St. Louis Transit and United Railways issues scored a sharp recovery on various rumors. The meeting of directors last week, while devoid of visible results, was taken to indicate that no change in management is contemplated. After dropping to almost 15, Transit rose to 19 1/2; United Railways preferred to 66 and the bonds to 85, with sales at this latter figure.

Bank clearances continue large, and interest rates will remain high till after January 1st. Sterling exchange is easier, and quoted at 4 34 3/4; Berlin is 95 and Paris 5 16 3/8.

The Wedding Invitations, Calling and Reception Cards, and Monogram Stationery executed in our own factory by expert engravers, die cutters and printers, are in the highest type of the engraver's art. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Jackson—"No, I never take the newspaper home. I've got a family of grown-up daughters, you know." Friend—"Papers too full of crime?" Jackson—"No; too full of bargain sales."—Tit-Bits.

Little Willie—"Pa, what's a financier?" Pa—"A financier, my son, is a man who is capable of inducing other men to pile up a fortune for him."—Chicago News.

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WORLD OF WOMAN.

The first wedding to take place on the island of Mindanao in which an American clergyman officiated and which took place under American marriage laws, was solemnized there on the 5th day of October by Captain H. C. Gavitt, post chaplain, U. S. A. now serving as regimental chaplain of the Fortieth infantry. Captain Gavitt has sent a full account of the marriage to his daughter, Mr. A. C. Jewell of Highwood, Ill. Not only the minister, the laws and the wedding and one witness were all American, but also the bridegroom, Carl W. Wantz, private of the Fortieth infantry. The Filipino part of the ceremony consisted mainly of the bride, the bride's parents and the wedding feast, which was spread for two days on great tables in the bride's home, while her nearest of kin stood out at the door and bade all that happened to pass by the house to come in and eat until they could eat no more. The Fortieth infantry accepted to a man. The bride at this memorable wedding was Senorita Maria Visitacion Mercado, aged 19. The wedding took place after the ordinary fashion in the United States. The bride was attended by her sisters as bridesmaids, while the groom had as best man and ushers six men from his company. The couple stood up and, joining hands, were asked the usual questions as to whether they would love, cherish and protect, in sickness and in health, etc., to all of which they made satisfactory responses, the bride having to defer her replies until the questions could be repeated to her in Spanish by the interpreter. After the chaplain had pronounced the couple man and wife the guests went to the part of the house where the feast was spread on a great table. One beef, four sheep and six pigs had been slaughtered.

A cigar manufacturing firm in Trenton, N. J., is attracting the attention of the local labor world by certain innovations for maintaining order among and holding the attention and increasing the efficiency of the 200 young women cigarmakers employed in its factory. A piano has been placed in the large work room, and a woman employed to play it for two hours each day. To keep the girls off the streets at noon a teacher has been hired to give free singing lessons at the factory during the noon hour. While these may be innovation in New Jersey and elsewhere in the Northern States the scheme is not either new or original. Nearly every large cigar factory in Cuba has its reader or musician. Cigarette factories in Spain are similarly equipped. The reader, either a man or a woman, is employed to read aloud to employes from the latest Spanish novels or from the daily newspapers. The musician fills the same role as that of the performer engaged in the New Jersey factory. The experience of the Cuban cigar manufacturers has been that this method of chaining the mind of a worker while his or her fingers are employed is not only productive of more and better work, but adds immeasurably to the good order of the factory and the good temper and cheerfulness of the operatives.

Ex-President and Mrs. Harrison were not guests at a grand banquet given the White house recently, though both were in the city on the evening of the function. All official and social Washington is agitated over the matter. Hitherto the rule has

always been that any distinguished guest in the city who has held high office, no matter of what political affiliation, is invited to any formal function at the White house which might occur during his stay. General Merritt was included in the banquet tendered the Crown Prince of Belgium, two years ago, and General Leonard Wood, when the President gave a dinner to his young nieces, was one of the guests. President Harrison invited President Cleveland to a state dinner on an occasion when the former President was there to attend to a case before the Supreme Court, and hundreds of similar instances could be quoted. Those who are well versed in social lore say that never before has an ex-President been overlooked in this manner, even when the personal relations between himself and the Executive were strained. The strictest etiquette holds in these cases and extends even to the wives and children of former Presidents. Mrs. Grant and her children and grandchildren are asked to a White house dinner at least once a year, and they figure at every state reception with the "distinguished people behind the line." Mrs. Stanley Brown, who was Mollie Garfield, has the same courtesy extended to her as has Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, niece of President Buchanan and the presiding lady of his administration. Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Logan are accorded the courtesy due to the widows of men so eminent in their country's history. Why, society asks, is this precedent ignored during the visit of an ex-President, who has so many warm friends and adherents in the Republican party?

GOLF AT HOT SPRINGS.

Willie Smith, ex-open golf champion, David Bell, who did so well in the open championship match last October, and Arthur Rigby, professional at the Racine, Wis., Golf Club, arrived at Hot Springs, Arkansas, Friday, for a stay of three or four weeks. They are there principally to take a rest after an arduous season, to get the benefit of the baths, to do some hunting, and incidentally to practice some on the beautiful links of the Hot Springs Golf Club, which are now at their best. Not one of the three had ever seen a sand green before, but they took to them kindly and before they had played one round could do as well on them as on the turf greens. The practice Messrs. Smith and Bell are getting there will stand them in good stead when they arrive in California where the links all have sand greens. They pronounce the Hot Springs course a very fine one. The natural lay of the links reminded them of the Scottish courses and they were surprised to find it in such good condition at this time of the year. A little later they will play some exhibition games here and will leave, about the first of January, for their engagement in California, where they will give exhibition games on all of the links on the Pacific Coast.

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euchre prizes at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Building, Seventh and Locust streets.

First theatrical manager—"I thought you were going to put on 'The Winter's Tale,' and now you are billing 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" Second manager—"Yes; I didn't like the name of the other piece. It sounded too much like a frost."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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Of course it's a course that shouldn't be coarse,
As it's served on the menu the last.

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The Copper Kettle

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A few rare pieces of Pink Lustre, Silver Lustre and Copper Lustre. Candlesticks of all sorts in great variety, from \$1 to \$20 per pair.

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

MRS. ADA M. ROBERTS,

2501 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

"Great joke on Jarley." "What was that?" "Went fishing and didn't catch anything. Ordered a half-dozen bass to be sent to his house, so that his wife would think he caught 'em. When the basket was opened they turned out to be bottled Bass."—*Tit Bits.*

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The Ladies' special \$20 Gold Watches, in 14k solid gold cases, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, are the best value ever offered for the money.

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ISLE OF BEAUTY.

Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile!
Moon, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle;
Still my fancy can discover,
Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
Darkest shadows round us hover
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces,
Smile around the taper's light,
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly—Fare thee well!

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking,
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would not I give to wander,
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

—Thomas Haynes Bailey.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shining slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor;
She meant to be good; she had promised,
And so, with her big brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees,
Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek young puppies with fringy ears
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, 'Bless the child,'
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

—Anon.

A SONG OF THE WHITE MAN.

[This poem by Rudyard Kipling was first published in the Bloemfontein *The Friend* of April 2d—after Lord Roberts occupied the Orange Free State capital—while a committee of the war correspondents was editing that journal, and while, for nearly a fortnight, Kipling was giving them distinguished and enthusiastic assistance.]

Now, this is the Cup that the White Men drink
When they go to right a wrong,
And that is the cup of the Old World's hate—
Cruel and strained and strong.
We have drunk that cup—and a bitter, bitter
cup—
And tossed the dregs away;
But well for the world when the White Men
drink
To the dawn of the White Man's day.

Now, this is the Road that the White Men tread
When they go to clean a land—
Iron underfoot and levin overhead
And the deep on either hand.
We have trod that road—and a wet and windy
road—
Our chosen star for guide.
Oh! well for the world when the White Men
tread
Their highway side by side.

Now, this is the Faith that the White Men hold
When they build them homes afar:—
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our
sons

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ST. LOUIS.



And, failing Freedom, War."
We have proved our Faith—bear witness to our
Faith,
Dear souls of Freemen slain;
Oh! well for the world when the White Men
join
To prove their Faith again.—Rudyard Kipling.

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Superb Itinerary with Three Circle Tours in the Tropics and to The Ruins of Mitla. Pullman Vestibuled Train, Drawing Room, Compartment, Library, Parlor, and Dining Cars, with the Opera-Top Car Chililitli, from St. Louis, Tuesday, January 22d, via Iron Mountain Route, at 8:00 P. M. Only Programs Three Circle Tours of the Tropics and visits to the Ruined Cities, with Pullman Cars, in the South of Mexico. Tours under personal escort of Mr. Reau Campbell, General Manager, THE AMERICAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION.

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BIKES IN THE EAST.

In our new possessions, the bicycle craze is just beginning. A Manila correspondent writes: "The Filipinos have gone crazy over the bicycle. Men, women, and children may be seen rolling and tumbling about every street boasting a decent pavement, vainly endeavoring to learn to ride. It is hard to imagine a more comical picture than that presented by a Filipino belle mounted on a balky wheel, in all her flowing dresses and heelless shoes or slippers. Some of them have learned to ride very well, and girls have even been seen on tandems. Every evening after the crowd of carriages has left the Luneta, the cyclists swoop down in a bunch, and take possession of the popular driveway. They stay there after dark, and spin round and round under the electric lights. Racing is all the rage, and before the wet season set in a well-organized club had managed to build a fair track, but now the whole inclosure has one or two inches of water over it. One bicycle dealer says he has sold more than three thousand wheels in the last year, and he is putting up a carefully designed track, with high-banked curves. The whole thing is to cost in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars Mexican."

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COMMUNICATIONS.

SOME STRONG TALK.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I desire to express my approval of your timely article in this week's MIRROR on the subject of Mr. Jas. L. Blair and the Independent Movement in this city. Those who think that the present movement is going to be played with by the political organizations of the city have certainly, this time, reckoned without their host. One cannot ride to and fro on the street cars or walk along the streets and hear the talk of the people without having the feeling come over him that if the election next spring does not result in an improvement some of the lamp-posts of this city are liable to be decorated in a manner for which they were never intended. This is a sad state of affairs, but the people are out for business and something is going to happen.

And yet we must own that there are some extenuating circumstances. Any one who feels a pride in the city and who may have happened to be at the City Hall on the 4th of December and heard the mad protests of many of our best citizens against the reconstruction of a large number of prominent streets, every one of which is a disgrace to the city, must have felt some pity for the officials. There is a conundrum involved in these continued remonstrances against street reconstruction that I can only solve on the theory that our system is wrong and that all street work should be paid for by a general tax. But in the meantime, and before dying of old age, that any man who is able to pay for it should not favor not only a good street, but a real handsome, clean street in front of his property is beyond my comprehension. To me it is akin to the spirit which would positively refuse to wear a clean shirt or take a bath or be vaccinated or come in out of the rain. I have been pained to notice that the priests are often prominent in these remonstrances. The Church is an institution which subsists upon charity and escapes taxes to the extent of tens of thousands of dollars each year and it really seems a little ungrateful that it should object to its poor old benefactor, (the city) trying to look decent. Certainly, there are reasons for discouragement. We need go no further than East St. Louis to find a civic pride that puts us to shame.

As to the position of the *Globe-Democrat* on the Independent Movement I would suggest, as its friend and as one who voted for the present Mayor, that it is as morally certain as anything can be predicted in politics, that the regular Republican ticket will be overwhelmingly defeated at the April election, and that in attacking the Independent Movement it is merely aiding the regular Democratic ticket. The result of last November was a straw which no one can mistake.

W. M. H.

St. Louis, Dec. 7, 1900.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The daily papers have taken a good deal of interest in our West End Protective Association; but, so far as I know, you have not taken any notice of its laudable purposes. As citizens we recognize and appreciate the ability and fearless stand you take on all public questions, and I have thought it advisable as President of the Association, to direct your attention especially to its efforts.

The public at large is concerned only with the social evil complaint. Attempts are to be made in the next legislature to revive the former social evil law to the fullest extent, but we hope that if we cannot accomplish all of the objects, namely, requiring the women to live in a certain district, registration and license and submission to examination, we feel that a good deal will be accomplished, if we can get them located in a district which, I am informed, is already practically given over to them. I am informed that nearly all the clergymen and physicians are in full sympathy with the proposal to revive the old law, that the police favor it because it will aid them in locating and arresting male criminals; real estate agents favor it because it will enable them to keep respectable tenants in districts which are now rendered untenable, and it will help to abolish wine rooms because, being required to live within a certain district and being subject to arrest if found out of it, the women will not frequent such places.

We have considered the question quite thoroughly and feel that it is our duty to ourselves

and society to awaken public sentiment and cause citizens to realize to what extent their homes and property are in danger. I am told by reliable persons that there is not a street in the West End, on which a street car runs, which does not have a number of disreputable persons and houses along the line.

All that the police can do now is when complaint is made, to force the women to move out. Where do they go? Around the corner or across the street or to the next block. It is only by a general movement that they can be corralled and kept under surveillance.

We can get along without registration, license and examination. The first two are to help the police, the latter to protect against disease. But nothing but a restricted territory in which they will be forced to live if they want to pursue the business, will help us.

Do you not feel like helping us fight in a good cause?

Yours very truly,

H. A. Loevy.

St. Louis, Dec. 8, 1900.

[Mr. Loevy has not carefully read the MIRROR. This paper has sympathized with the movement, of which he is President, to the extent of pointing out the folly of the anti-wine-room crusade that drives the lewd women from districts more or less abandoned as residence sections, into newer residence quarters of the city. The MIRROR has advocated colonizing the social evil on several occasions, notably in commenting upon the approval by the Supreme Court of the United States of an ordinance to that end, passed by the city council of New Orleans. The MIRROR has, on several occasions, called attention to the swarming of kept women and street walkers in the West End, and insisted on the keeping of the "daughters of joy" in a down-town reservation of their own. The social evil cannot be wholly eradicated. Sanger's history of the evil shows this conclusively. The vice must be regulated. Not only the West End, but all sections of the city in which there are homes should be protected against the soiled doves. The MIRROR is in favor of protecting the homes of the people. It is in favor of common sense in dealing with Social Evil. It indorses the West End Protective Association. It believes that the lewd women should be given a district to reside in, under police surveillance and regulation. And it especially believes that such surveillance and regulation should not be of a sort to degenerate too easily into persecution and extortion by public officials or rapacious real estate agents.]

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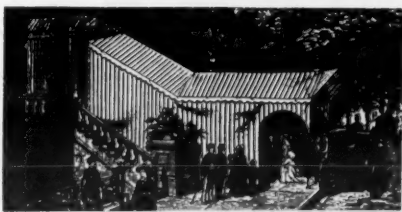
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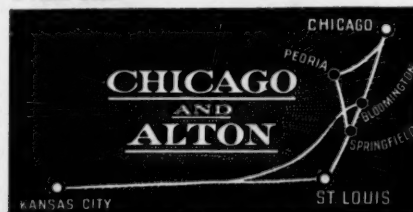
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